

**\$2 00 PER YEAR.**



## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BROS.  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD. W. R. TODD.  
Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

**Richard Cobden.**  
Lord Palmerston's offer of a government pension of fifteen hundred pounds to the widow of the late Richard Cobden was an honorable tribute to the worth and public services of one of England's greatest statesmen; but it is not surprising that the offer has been graciously declined, in accordance with Mr. Cobden's well known opposition to the acceptance of any official emoluments. Our readers will remember that Mr. Cobden repeatedly declined titles, honors, and offices from his government. They will also recall the circumstance that when it was proposed, some years ago, to make up Mr. Cobden's pecuniary losses by subscription, *The London Times* and other organs bitterly ridiculed the idea, and dragged that gentleman's private affairs before the public in the most shameful and outrageous manner. Through his whole career, Mr. Cobden never received a penny from the government treasury; and, in declining the offered pension, his widow has doubtless acted as he would have wished. It is pleasant to know that the widow and children of the deceased statesman are abundantly provided for from his private resources.—*N. Y. Times.*

**The Indian Cotton Trade.**  
The English journals, figuring up the result of the last four years, state that there was imported by Great Britain in the last year more than 800,000,000 lbs. of free labor cotton, of which about 500,000,000 was from India, and 500,000,000 from Egypt, Turkey, and other countries. The increase of supply from the British possessions in the East is truly remarkable; the receipts from three Indian presidencies of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal having amounted to 500,000,000 in the year 1884, against only about 58,000,000 in the year 1885, and 200,000,000 in 1886. Progress has been steady, therefore, before the war and since, under every variety of condition, though the great impetus imparted by labor and capital in abundance, not only for the culture of the plant, but for the construction of railways for purposes of transportation. The English manufacturers are prompted to believe that while it is not probable the high prices of cotton realized for some time past will continue, prices will still range higher than the average preceding the year 1880, and that, with improved facilities now grown and brought to market at a handsome profit in defiance of competition. While this may be true, the grand fact still remains, and cannot be controverted, that the choice grades of American cotton have no rival in the world.

**Story of a Waterfall.**  
Some perverse female, who chose to disregard our advice about "tying them on tight," yesterday lost her esteemed waterfall on descending from a stage at the corner of Broadway and Canal Street. She either did not miss the appendage, or affected unconsciousness of its loss, and hastily entered an Eighth Avenue car quite full of ladies, while a policeman picked up the "hairly nothing," and handing it quite awkwardly, followed in pursuit of the fugitive. Arriving at her door, he could not recognize the lady who had been deprived of her ornament, and naturally demanded, "Whose is this thing?" Irreverent policeman? Immediately there was a simultaneous clutching of the backs of their heads on the part of lady passengers, with one exception; she only pressed her bonnet fiercely back against the car window, and with hands demurely folded in her lap, put on an air of perfect innocence. It was her wig, undoubtedly, which the policeman fumbled so comically, but he was too gentlemanly to force it upon her and thus increase her discomfort, so he put it upon the end of his club and tossed it into the gutter as if it had been some deceased vermin. Perhaps some she rat is even now flourishing through the sewer of New York with his fashionable attachment, a curious spectacle for some modern adventurous Jean Valjean.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

The purchase of Ford's Theater by the young men's Christian association was closed on Tuesday afternoon. The price agreed upon was \$100,000 for the theater and adjoining building, \$10,000 to be paid on the 1st of July, and the remainder in four payments, each quarterly. The building will be named the "Lincoln Memorial Temple," and will be opened to the public on the 4th of July, arrangements for which will be made in due season. The authorities will continue the control of the building so long as the great trial continues, when it will be turned over to the association's control.—*Washington Chronicle, 22d.*

A house advertised for rent in Louisville remained for some time without tenant. A few days ago a furniture-car drove up, and in an hour things were arranged, and a negro family at home there. The landlord was naturally surprised, as he had not rented the house. The colored party had rented it of a fellow who represented himself as the owner, and who had taken twenty dollars a month in advance of his colored friends—a rent half lower than the real landlord asked.

The officers of the transport Kentucky, recently sunk in the Red River, by which two hundred lives were lost, have been acquitted of all blame in the matter by the commission organized to investigate the disaster.

## Found in the Storm; or Sowing and Reaping.

Red and lurid, like the blaze of some far-off conflagration, the November sunset glowed above the wall of russet woods, turning the antique, stone mulioned windows of the old house on the hill to panes of sullen fire; while the wind, dying away among the hollows, seemed to shrink from the tall balsam trees whose branches brushed the very walls.

There were only two travelers toiling along the carriage drive that swept up to the flight of broad stone steps—a woman and a little child.

"Mamma," wailed the little one, "are we almost there? Oh, mamma, I am so tired!"

"Yes, dear, we are almost home."

She touched the bell timidly, and held the child closer to her, with a sort of tremulous dread, as she heard the ponderous bolts being withdrawn from within.

"Is Mr. Lascelles in?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the man, doubtfully.

"Can I see him?"

The servant hesitated. She walked haughtily past him, who stood aghast.

"Well, I never!" was his mental comment. "If she ain't gone straight to the dining room door—what knows the house by heart. Now, I'd like to know how she ever found that master always takes his wine by himself just at this time!"

The dining room was a cheerful apartment. A bright coal fire glowed in the grate, and a shaded lamp was burning on the table, where a sumptuous desert was set forth. Just before the fire, with his slippers feet comfortably elevated on the fender, a glass of old port half way to his lips, sat Herman Lascelles, the richest man in the county.

He was tall and spare, with scanty, frost-white hair, and cold, blue eyes—a man to shrink from and dread. Yet the slender woman advanced courageously towards him, even while her timid heart sank within her.

"Father?"

The glass of sparkling wine fell to the marble hearth, shattered in a thousand fragments, and in the same instant Mr. Lascelles' face became like carved stone.

"Clara Ward, you are no child of mine?"

"Father—you will not turn me away to starve; you will listen to me for the sake of this little one!"

The old man filled another glass of wine with deliberate composure.

"When you married Philip Ward, Clara, you broke off all bonds between you and me. Starve for aught I care; I will never lift a finger to help you!"

He spoke in a tone from which there was no appeal. Clara turned away with a sickening heart.

"Mamma where are we going now?" asked the frightened child, as she strove to keep pace with her mother's hurried footsteps down the carriage drive.

"I don't know, Jessie," answered Clara, recklessly. "Somewhere, anywhere, to crouch down and die in peace."

As she passed through the massive stone gateway, a stout, stout man, in a suit of glossy broadcloth and pendent gold watch guard, was entering. She paused, and accosted him.

"Mr. Atherton?"

"Why, it's Clara Lascelles, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's Clara Lascelles—starving, dying. Mr. Atherton, my father has showered gold into your hands—your influence has kept alive his angor toward his helpless child. Give me something to buy bread and shelter to-night!"

Lawyer Atherton drew back in sanctimonious indignation.

"I cannot—ahem—countenance any one whom Squire Lascelles has disowned. I dare say you can get aid by applying in the proper quarter. The village authorities will be gone before he could finish the sentence—gone, he knew not how or whether."

"Well, if this ere ain't a regular northeaster!"

Elihu Starkey shook himself like a huge Newfoundland dog, as he threw a snowy back-log down upon the brick hearth.

"That's right, father," said Mrs. Starkey, bustling about among the blue-edged plates and cups on the dresser.

"Make up a real good blazin' fire. The boy'll come home most froze to death. Good land, how it is snowin'! You can't hardly see the big walnut tree by the fence!"

And she opened the door a little way to peer out in the dim twilight.

"Hush, father, glaucated Mrs. Starkey, holding up her finger in an attitude of eager attention. "I hear a child's voice!" Father, it's some one lost. Go down the swamp road and see—do be quick, for pity's sake!"

And the eager little woman banded her slowly moving spouse out of the door before he knew what was about.

"It's all Rebecca's notions," grumbled the good man, stumbling through the snowy drifts in the twilight road. "If she hears an owl hoot or a bird cry, she's sure it's a child. Gracious Jupiter! I can't hardly see the nose afore my face. There go my shins agin that good for nothin' butter-ball stump. I'll grub it up to-morrow see if I don't find there ain't no use—Hillo!"

For a white face lying stark against a crimson shawl, gleamed out upon his vision, crouched close against the hollow of the fence.

"It's a woman, sure, 'm alive—and a little child huggin' close up to her."

He bent down and took the frail, slight figure into his arms, resting the pallid face on his shoulder as if it had been a doll, and lifted the child upon the other arm.

"Poor belated creatures," he murmured gently, "I wonder how they ever came here: if Becky hadn't been looking out for the boys, they would have froze to death sartin sure."

He plunged through the deepening snow as he spoke, up the narrow doorway path, where the cherry fire light streamed out like a ruddy banner ahead of the white desolation, and the next minute Mrs. Starkey was rolling the new comers in blankets, and chafing their stiffened hands with exclamations of pity and wonder.

"Heap some of them fat pine kindlin' on the bedroom fire, father, and carry this poor woman in there. And, father, fill up the kettle again and put a lot of catnip into the tin pan."

She fluttered busily to and fro for an hour or two, and finally brought out the child, wrapped in an old blue shawl.

"Has she come low?" inquired the farmer.

Mrs. Starkey nodded.

"Hold her close to the fire, father, and don't let her get chilled again—there that's right."

"And how's the other 'un?"

Mrs. Starkey shook her head and burst into a flood of genuine, womanly tears.

"She'll never need no more help, father, she's gone! She was dead when you brought her in."

So Clara Ward was indebted to strangers for the last offices which human hands could give.

"Don't, Jessie! don't run out into the snow with them thin shoes on. I declare that child needs as much watchin' as a kitten."

"It's real comfort to have her round, though, Becky," said farmer Starkey, with a beaming face, as the little one nestled her golden head against his breast buttons; "let me see—'t's just a month since her poor mother was buried, ain't it? and nobody comes forward to own her."

"Desire Jones was wonderin' why we didn't send her to the poorhouse," said Mrs. Starkey, experimentally.

"I tell you 't's just keep her. It seems as though Providence had sent her here, don't it? and she's such a winit' 't's just a month since her poor mother was buried, ain't it? and nobody comes forward to own her."

"I say, yes," said Mrs. Starkey, hugging the child close up to her motherly breast. "Poor little lonely lamb. Oh, Elihu—our baby would be just about Jessie's age if she had lived."

And she cried heartily over Jessie's sunny head.

The snow was falling as softly over the pointed roof of the old farm-house as it had fallen six long, long years ago—the fire was blazing as brightly in the yawning fire-place, yet there was a change in the little circle around it. Elihu Starkey's hair was white and thin—his sturdy form bowed down; and his wife's face was full of piteous care as she knitted industriously away by the flickering blaze of the hissing pine log.

A stalwart, sun-browned young man of about twenty-four was leaning against the wooden door, his dark eyes moodily watching the bubbling resin that dripped slowly into the feathery ashes below, while nestled on a low cricket, just where the ruddy light irradiated her bright face, sat a beautiful little creature scarce twenty years old, with yellow, rippling hair, and eyes of the softest melting hazel. Jessie Ward was a beauty from the small head, the straight Greek features down to the slim, marvelously slender foot—a girl whose face sent a thrill through you—whose pretty willful ways betokened a knowledge of her powers.

"Father!" she said passionately, laying her little lily-like hand on Elihu Starkey's brown and knotted palm. "You shall tell me what's a'miss! I have seen a dark shadow in your face ever since I came home from Boston—you and mother have both been wretched, and Hiram has not seemed a bit like himself. I will know the secret of these altered faces? Darling father. Don't shut your little Jessie out of your heart."

"It's nothing, birdie; nothing," faltered the old man. "Only things han't gone just right lately."

"And I have been away enjoying myself while you and mother were in trouble," she exclaimed, remorsefully. "Oh father, why didn't you write to me?"

"It wouldn't have done any good, making you miserable, child," sighed the old lady. "It was nothing you could help. Only you see father's new-fangled ideas of farming didn't work just right—and then came the hard winter, and his cattle got the pestilence, and he don't see no way to raise it without he sells the old place. That does seem hard. And there's Zeckiah in the hospital down at Philadelphia, like to lose an arm, and Hiram don't feel jest exactly cheick—"

"Hiram?"

Jessie turned her soft reproachful eyes towards the handsome Hercules by the fireplace.

"You ought to know why I am wretched, Jessie," spoke the young man impulsively. "No—don't look so astonished—I have heard of the dashing young New York lawyer who has been your devoted slave all winter in Boston. It is not strange you should prefer him to a farmer lad like me. Take him if you like—I release you from the old promise we made—only I don't believe he will ever love you half as dearly as I have done."

Jessie's blue eyes brimmed with sudden tears.

"Hiram," she began. But at that identical instant there came a gentle tap at the door. Jesse sprang to open it with a quick gesture of impatience; but her cheek suddenly blanched at the unexpected apparition of a tall, handsome young man, dressed in extreme of the

## fashion, who was composedly standing on the threshold.

"Mr. Atherton!" she exclaimed.

"May I hope that my presence is not unwelcome to Miss Ward?" he began, smoothly, while Hiram's face flushed to the very temples.

She led him quietly into the room, and presented him to her friends with the courtesy grace of a Queen Elizabeth herself.

"And now, sir," she asked quietly, "may I ask what circumstance has procured this unexpected honor?"

"I am the bearer of strange news, Miss Ward," he said politely. "A letter from my father announcing the death of Mr. Lascelles, your only surviving grandparent; and by his will—a will entirely unexpected by his legal advisers—you are the heiress to all his great property."

"I?"

"Yes, Miss Ward."

Jessie drew a deep breath. Hiram Starkey set his white even teeth close together. He heard one of the eager conversation that ensued—the questions and replies; he was roused from his dismal reverie by the bustle of departure! Mr. Atherton had risen to go.

"I shall call again to-morrow, Miss Ward," he said, "if you will allow me the honor."

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## A Smile.

Oh, the strange, witchery of a smile! Tell me where is there a heart so stubborn or so cold that it will not acknowledge the charm of a smile? I do not mean the fawning smile of flattery, the studied smile of hypocrisy, the hollow smile of falsehood, the chilling smile of scorn, the cutting smile of rebuke, the bitter smile of selfish triumph, the frozen smile of haughty pride, or the mocking smile of hidden sorrow; but I mean that frank, truthful, soul-borne smile that bursts like a radiant sunbeam over the countenance when one soul sees the sympathy or communion of another? How purely beautiful or expressive the silent language! words are but an impudent mockery in its presence! How all potent its powers! It bids the drooping spirits rise and soar upon the pinions of its own awakened melody, drives the lurking phantoms of doubt and jealousy from the clouded mind and fills it with the cheering light of hope, and tells joy to sing again! Such a smile blessed memory brings me now. I rested upon my pathway for one moment like heaven's choicest rays! The face from which it shone was a very plain one, yet at that moment it seemed an angel's. I never met another smile like that! Memory's liveliest treasures may fade—but one smile must ever retain its heaven-lighted beauty. Often when I turn brain-weary with the ceaseless toil of thought, or heart-sick with the world's hollow hostilities, its soulless mockery, or longing for one ray of youth, that one smile in all its pure beauty comes before me and bids me "be reconciled to human nature."

There is character, too, in a smile. I care not what may be the countenance of a man, but I care to see the smile that tells me of his soul's truthfulness or masks. Every kind, truthful smile is a ray lent us from the brightness of our spirit-homes, by which we may lighten the dark places or dispel the clouds which arise along the way of our fellow-travelers. They cost nothing, and I would that in this world of weariness and mourning there might be many more such smiles.

## A Good Creed for Every Body.

A Boston paper call the following eleven tenets the creed of Western New York. They may be advantageously believed the world over:

1. Some things can be done as well as others.

2. What man has done man can do.

</



## DRY GOODS &amp; GROCERIES.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE,

(Successor to Eyre &amp; Holmes.)

DEALER IN

## DRY GOODS,

## Groceries and

## Provisions,

## Wooden and Willow Ware,

## BOOTS &amp; SHOES,

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Call in and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets.

D. E. EYRE.

Hastings, May 3, 1865. 4-1f

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## Willson's Cheap Store

is full to overflowing with every variety of

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## CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,

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All bought low and exclusively for cash!

Call here and get

THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

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## MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE,

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK,

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## DRAPER &amp; BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

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## NAILS, FISH,

## FRUIT, CROCKERY,

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## and Retail Dealers in

## DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

## BOOTS AND SHOES,

## HATS AND CAPS,

## WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

## GLASS &amp; QUEENS WARE,

## FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters, Drake's Plantation Bitters, Dingler's Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled. We solicit an examination of our large stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 30-1f

## MOORHOUSE &amp; MERRILL,

Dealers in

## GROCERIES &amp; PROVISIONS

Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-1f

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## CITY DRUG STORE.

J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## DRUGS,

## MEDICINES, and

## CHEMICALS,

## Paints,

## Oils,

## Varnishes,

## Window Glass,

## Glassware,

## Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

## Alcohol,

## Pure Wines,

## and Liquors,

## Trusses,

## Perfumery,

## Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medicines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. All medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

J. E. FINCH.

Hastings, March 22, 1865. 50-1f

## THE CONSERVER.

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2 squares 3 months \$6.00

1 square 1 week \$1.00

2 squares 3 months \$6.00

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2 squares 3 months \$6.00

1 square 1 week \$1.00

2 squares 3 months \$6.00

1 square 1 week \$1.00

2 squares 3 months \$6.00

## FINANCIAL.

## UNITED STATES

## 7-30 LOAN.

## THIRD SERIES,

\$230,000,000.

By the authority of the treasury, the

undersigned, the general subscription

agent for the sale of United States

securities, offers to the public the third

series of treasury notes, bearing seven

and three-tenths per cent. interest per

annum, known as the

## 7-30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of

July 15th, 1865, and are payable three

years from that date in currency, or are

convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold

Bearing Bonds.

These bonds are now worth a handsome

premium, and are exempt, as are all gov-

ernment bonds, from state, county, and

municipal taxation, which adds from one

to three per cent. per annum to their value,

according to the rate levied upon other

property. The interest is payable semi-

annually by coupons attached to each note,

which may be cut off and sold to any bank

or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " 100 " "

10 " " " 500 " "

20 " " " 1000 " "

\$1 " " " 5000 " "

Notes of all the denominations named

will be promptly furnished upon receipt

of subscriptions.

The notes of this third series are pre-

cisely similar in form and privileges to the

seven-thirties already sold, except that

the government reserves to itself the

option of paying interest in gold coin at

6 per cent, instead of 7-30ths in currency.

Subscribers will deduct the interest in

currency up to July 15th, at the time

when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third

series of the seven-thirties will commence

on the 1st of June, and will be made

promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the condi-

tions of this third series affects only the

manner of interest. The payment in gold,

if made, will be equivalent to the currency

interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the

event of which only will the option to pay

interest in gold be available, would so

reduce and equalize prices that purchases

made with six per cent. in gold would be

fully equal to those made with seven and

three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

the only loan in market

now offered by the government, and its

superior advantages make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 of the loan was

authorized by the last congress are now on

the market. This amount, at the rate at

which it is being absorbed, will all be sub-

scribed for within sixty days, when the

notes will undoubtedly command a pre-

mium, as has uniformly been the case on

closing the subscriptions to other loans.

In order that citizens of every town and

section of the country may be afforded

facilities for taking the loan, the national

banks, state banks, and private bankers

throughout the country have generally

agreed to receive subscriptions at par.

Subscribers will select their own agents, in

whom they have confidence, and who only

are to be responsible for the delivery of

the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOK,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HASTINGS,

2-20

THORNE'S BANK.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBIOTYPES

The undersigned has established him-

self in the rooms over Thorne, Norrish, &amp;

Co.'s store where he is prepared to take

all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles

and at low rates. Call and examine spec-

imens.

E. A. BACH, Photographer Artist.

Hastings, Jan. 9, 1865. 30-1f

C. W. CROSBY,

Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bonds, leases,

assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, letters,

etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writ-

ing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks

on hand and all information pertaining to

same freely given on application, acknowl-

edgments etc., taken at the residence if

requested. Will also attend to the collec-

tion of notes and accounts. Office over

Mark Willson's Store, Second Street, Has-

tings, Minn. 44-1f

H. ALDEN &amp; BROS.

HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNA-

MENTAL PAINTERS, AND

Paper Hangers.

No objection to going into the country.

Graining done with Adam's celebrated

patent machine, or by hand. Shop on

Vermillion Street, opposite Methodist

church.

Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-6m

H. O. MOWERS,

Surgeon Dentist, Hastings,

Minn. Office north side

Second Street, between Ramsey and Sibley

Streets, over Thorne &amp; Norrish's store. 32-1f

## HARDWARE.

## HARDWARE.

## M. MC HUGH,

Dealer in

## HARDWARE,

## TINWARE,

## STOVES, ETC.,

Corner of Second and Vermillion Streets,

Hastings, Minnesota,

has on hand and is constantly receiving a

general assortment and a full supply of

Iron,

Nails,

Tinware,

Glass,

Sash,

And Putty,

Also the best stock of

## CUTLERY

ever before exhibited in this market.

These goods have been bought expressly

for this trade, and will be sold on the most

reasonable terms for cash.

I am also agent for, and have on hand,

the celebrated

## STEWART COOKING STOVE,

known to be the best cooking stove manu-

factured.

Hastings, May 14, 1865.







# THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

VOLUME V.---NO. 14.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1865.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

## THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD & BRO.



Single copies of THE CONSERVER may be obtained at this office, or at the Bookstore. Price Five Cents.

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1865.

### The Conspirators.

Four of the conspirators—Payne, Harold, Atzeroth, and Mrs. Surratt—suffered the extreme penalty of their crimes in Washington on Friday, 7th inst., by hanging. Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin are to be imprisoned for life, and Spangler for six years. From the published testimony it is impossible to doubt their complicity in the offense charged, and the sentence of the court is not only approved by the president but by a vast majority of the people. This has been regarded by many as a test case, and, from the decision, it is judged that the gallows will bear other victims ere long. Men like Davis and Lee, who have deserted their high office to take up arms against the government, will suffer therefor, and justly.

### Storm in Faribault on the Fourth.

From a private letter to Rev. Dr. Merriek, of this city, we extract the following: "We had a celebration here (Faribault) yesterday (July 4th) and they were going to have fireworks, but it rained so heavily that they put it off until another time. The wind blew very hard, and brought down a great many trees, especially that large tree in front of the mission house of the Episcopal church, which was blown against the end of the house, smashing the window, knocking the heavy door to pieces, and doing no little damage. To the Rev. Dr. Breck's residence. There was a great deal of damage done down town; windows blown to pieces, chimneys thrown down, and other injuries accompanied these so as to interfere with our national celebration in the evening."

### Time to Advertise.

The New York Times has the following sensible lines on advertising: "Business men, with proper business ideas, should be shrewd enough to perceive that now is the time to advertise. Now that gold is rapidly falling, and after every reaction, sell the old stock at once should be the motto of every prudent dealer. Dispose of it promptly and at the best prices you can get for the longer you hold on the less price you will obtain. It is better to sell voluntarily to a small loss by-and-by. Sell off! sell off! and to accomplish this indispensable feat, advertise liberally. Now is the time, we repeat it, to do it discreetly. Get ahead of your neighbors, if you can, by advertising more, and thus selling more, and when the crash comes you will be safe. This is the plain dictate of common sense, and he who heeds it will not bitterly regret before long his foolish negligence."

### Hurricane and Loss of Life.

A terrible tornado came upon the people of Vernon County, Wis., on the afternoon of Thursday, June 29th, passing through the very heart of the beautiful village of Viroqua, and demolishing about fifty buildings, killing seventeen persons, injuring about one hundred, and involving a destruction of property estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. The survivors are left destitute of everything, and contributions are being taken up in neighboring towns for their relief.

Luscious.—Blueberries have made their appearance in market. They sell readily at 12 1/2 cents per quart. We expect Todd, of The Hastings Conserver, to pay us a visit as soon as convenient after reading this item.—Pole Co. Press.

Thank you, Sam. We perceive you have not quite forgotten our failings, and blueberries is an extensive one with us. Shall be very happy to accept the invitation.

### Personal.

Mr. C. N. Whitney, formerly editor and proprietor of this paper, has just taken editorial charge of The Quincy (Ill.) Daily Whig and Republican. Mr. W. is a staunch, radical republican, and one of the first publishers in the state to advocate emancipation and the employment of negroes as soldiers. We wish him success.

Hon. J. S. Elwell, formerly of The Hudson Star, has become associated in the editorial and business management of The Republican, at La Crosse. We welcome Joe back to the fraternity.

Most of the money at present issued by the treasury department is being disbursed for the payment of our soldiers.

### Magazine Notices.

The Phenological Journal.—The July number is a very interesting one, containing a variety of miscellaneous reading, and portraits of President Johnson and other distinguished men. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York.

We have received Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashions for July containing the national prize jubilee song, engravings, fashion plates, patterns, and a host of other things. No lady should be without. Price \$3 per annum, in advance.

### State News.

For the last week emigrant teams have thronged our streets almost continually, going on farther west, to make claims upon open up farms. They are taking with them a large amount of cattle sheep, etc.—Oretonian Plaindealer.

The grasshoppers that commenced a siege of this place and vicinity on Saturday last on Monday without having done much injury. The county is now nearly free from them.—Le Sueur Statesman.

B. J. Sillers, esq., of Dakota County, has a bed of strawberries measuring 80 by 42 feet, from which he has picked and sold 432 quarts, at an average of about 25 cents per quart, amounting to \$108. This is about one thirtieth of an acre, which would make the yield of an acre at the same rate, about \$3,500. Who can beat it?—Tress.

A German came to this city about a year ago, and bought two acres of land in the first ward and this spring commenced laying out the ground for a vineyard. He has laid out a large amount of labor upon the premises, and it now makes a beautiful appearance, and by another year it bids fair to be the best vineyard in Southern Minnesota.—Oretonian Plaindealer.

Bishop Whipple returned home on Tuesday morning in time to participate in the celebration of the Fourth. He returns in good health and spirits, to find the rebellion, which was in full blast when he left his home, now utterly crushed and broken. He left home we know with rather gloomy apprehensions for the future of the country; he returns to find the Republic the greatest power in the land.—Central Republican.

Somebody yesterday undertook to drive or ride a horse from Boston to Portland, 116 miles, between sunset and sunrise, the motive being to win a thousand dollars. The horse got within six miles of the goal considerably within the time, but he fell and immediately expired. The job is, therefore, unfinished, and the true way to complete it would be to harness the men concerned in the bet to the carcass of the horse and make them drive back toward Boston until each and every one of the brutal bipeds shared the fate of the poor animal so wantonly murdered.—N. Y. Times.

George Smith, a boy eight years old, living at Pleasanton, Westchester County, N. Y., threatened, if sent to school, he would cut off his arm. Being sent, he placed his left arm on the Harlem railroad track, and it was cut off by the cars. When picked up he was whistling "Yankee Doodle." In the subsequent amputation and dressing he refused to take chloroform and never winced. That boy will yet make his mark either for great good or great evil.

The ship William Nelson, from Flushing to Philadelphia or New York, was destroyed by fire on the bank of Newfoundland. The fire originated from a red hot ball being put into a tar pot between decks. Forty people were taken to St. Johns by the steamer Meteor. Four hundred people are missing, but some may have been saved in the boats.

A Boston paper gives a piece of good advice to those now making returns of their income during the year 1865, as follows: "Parties making income returns, when they reach an item about the handling of which they feel some uncertainty, had better serve their country and put conscience at ease, by giving the United States 'the benefit of the doubt.'"

The war department has ordered commanders of armies and departments—except the army of the Tennessee, the department of the Gulf, and the army in Texas—to reduce their forces to the minimum necessary for the requirements of the service. Gen. Logan has ordered the mustering out of the entire army of Tennessee.

A London correspondent recently visited the Great Eastern at Sheerness, and saw despatches sent through the whole length of the cable. De Sauty, who managed the old cable, comes out in the Great Eastern as chief electrician of the expedition.

The prospect for the California wine crop of 1865 is very good. The yield will be larger than ever before unless some extraordinary misfortune should befall the grapes. About two millions of vines are now in bearing condition.

The Great Eastern will sail from Valencia on the 10th inst., and it is expected that telegraphic communication will be established between Europe and America by the 20th.

A movement is on foot among St. Louis merchants to bring about a grand trade congress, to meet in that city at an early day. Delegations from all southern and western states will be invited.

James B. Fry, brother of the late William H. Fry, the well-known writer and musical composer, and himself a writer and composer of recognized merit, died in Philadelphia on Sunday last.

Petitions are pouring into the war department from distressed families for the release of married men in the service. It should be granted.

The cash receipts of the soldiers' fair at Milwaukee, up to Thursday night, amounted to nearly \$88,000. The fair will continue open till Wednesday next.

The trial of Miss Mary Harris, after selecting three additional jurors, making the panel complete, was postponed until next Friday.

### For The Conserver.

It is all very funny, and very amusing, no doubt, to stand in front of the auction room an hour or so, and listen to the jokes cracked at cracked furniture, and if you don't bid, you can laugh, very quietly, of course, with the rest. That is, if you have no interest there. But, supposing a part of the articles held up to view are yours, then the scene changes from gay to grave, from lively to severe.

It may be you are only moving; perchance death has broken up your household and rendered new arrangements necessary, or, sadder than either, you may be left (such things do happen) by one to whom you believed yourself joined of God. In either case you will hardly think it witty to hear the purchaser of your sieve, which you had daily used for years, told it will not hold water, or that your wash-tub, over which you have bent so many weary hours, has no head to it. Your preserve, pickle, and butter jars, you have used so carefully, are doubted and tested by ringing, and sent away to separate purchasers. Your lounge, which was your special pride and kept carefully covered except on great occasions, is accused of having the spring halt, and your bedstead, never a stranger to scalding water, accused of being "buggy." That market basket with one end of the handle tied down, and the purchaser jokes about the price of twine; how well you remember the unlucky morning it first gave way, precipitating your half-dressed eggs upon the sidewalk, to the great delight of the assembled urchins, and no small detriment of your plain merino dress. That stove, how well you remember when it was purchased, and with what pleasure you assisted John in getting it up, and how you admired its polished newness. Ah! many's the time since your arm has ached in attempting to imitate that first lustre, even as our hearts ache when we vainly strive to recall the departed brightness of some of our earthly pleasures. But, yes, there comes the cradle, and the tide of old memories rushes so swiftly over the soul that soon its spray will fill your eyes to overflowing, so you had best hasten homeward.

There was no formal celebration of the Fourth here, but the places of business were closed, and many of our citizens went to other places.

At Hastings there was a creditable celebration, and a large party in the evening was attended by a large number from here. Draper conducted the ceremony in his usual affable manner, and the supper at the Herndon House was a very excellent one. The fact is, Herndon "knows how to keep hotel." No one while boarding with him, if a person of any taste, would sing the hymn, "I would not live away."

The best remedy we know of for "the hollowiness of life," is such fare as Herndon provides.—Prescott Journal.

A London fashion journal informs us that many fashions are undergoing mutation. Peg-top trousers are decidedly going out; not going out wider and more peg-toppy, but tapers to be made at the fashionable tailors! Unmentionables are all but tight; indeed, they approach the "hosey" character. Long and solemn frock-coats, too, have had their day, and gentlemen from "Noah's Ark" no longer promenade in "three, along Piccadilly, and by the rails of the 'Ladies' Mile.' A sporting era in matters sartorial seems to be setting in, and cut-away skirts, with outside pockets, adorn the many forms of our young aristocrats in town.

As for fashions belonging more properly to the individual man, the Dundreary draw is abating; so is the lisp, so is the vacant stare, and the hoo-haw.

A letter has recently been received by E. M. Bruce, late member of the rebel congress, written upon private matters, by John C. Breckenridge, late in May. The fugitive traitor says: "I had had no news from the outer world since I disbanded, near Woodstock, Ga., the last confederate force cast the Catahoochee. I trust there will be wisdom enough in the councils at Washington City not to drive a brave and suffering people to the remedies which spring from despair. Every man should now exert all the influence he possesses to make the present cessation of hostilities permanent and honorable, and let it be remembered there can be no lasting peace founded upon cruelty and oppression."

The Western newspapers are in ecstasies about a young lady on Rock Prairie, seventeen years old, who drives her father's rearing team, and frequently takes a load of grain to market, fifteen miles, and sells it. She plays the piano, sings charmingly, does the honors of the drawing-room with dignity, can make a loaf of bread, or play "Bridget" in ma's kitchen with equal readiness. She is valued at her weight in gold to a sensible young man.

At St. Louis the citizens are discussing the propriety of building a bridge across the Mississippi, and of establishing a general railroad depot at some central point. The county court has appropriated \$10,000 towards the expenses of the commercial convention next fall.

One hundred and forty patents were issued by the commissioner of patents on Monday.

### INSURANCE.

#### GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

IRVING TODD & BRO.

Are You Insured?

IF NOT,

WHY NOT?

Representing the following first-class companies:

PHENIX, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$925,902.97

UNDERWRITERS, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$2,250,000.00

METROPOLITAN, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$542,541.85

LOKILLARD, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$500,000.00

ARCTIC, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$626,000.00

ADRIATIC, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$300,000.00

CONN. MUTUAL LIFE, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$7,225,040.16

GUARDIAN LIFE, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$400,000.00

Life, Fire, Marine, and Accident policies written at the very lowest rates.

The companies we represent are sound and reliable, with cash assets amounting to over

Fifteen Million of Dollars.

For particulars call at the agency in Exchange Block, Second Street.

Irving Todd & Bro.

Hastings, March 25, 1865.

### FOR THE EAST.

CAICAGO, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, AND ST. PAUL

Railway and Packet Line.

From all points on the Mississippi River

To Madison, Janesville,

Milwaukee, Chicago, and

All points East and South

Two express trains leave Prairie du Chien daily, connecting at Janesville with Chicago, and at the Western Railway through to Milwaukee or Chicago

Without Change of Cars.

Making direct connections at Milwaukee with Detroit & Milwaukee R. R. and steamship line. At Chicago with all trains for the East and South. The splendid passenger cars of the Western Packet Line make sure connections at Prairie du Chien with morning express train. Arriving at Milwaukee and Chicago in time to connect with trains for the East and South.

Passengers from points above La Crosse by this route get a full night's rest on the steamers and breakfast on board at a reasonable hour.

Through tickets to all important points can be obtained at all points on the river. Call for tickets via Prairie du Chien.

Fare as Low as by any Other Route.

Baggage checked through from Prairie du Chien to all important points.

E. P. Bacon, Wm. Jarvis, Gen. Ticket Agt., Superintendent.

Van Auker & Langley, Agents. 50-1/2

### THE BEST

#### MEAT MARKET

##### IN HASTINGS

Is kept by Tanner & Cross on Vermillion Street, one door south of the post office, where can be found an assortment of the BEST MEATS the country affords, served up in the cleanest, sweetest shop in town, and at prices as low as can be found anywhere else. We hope to do a thriving business by meriting the patronage of the public. TANNER & CROSS.

Hastings, May 23, 1865. 7-1/2

### THORNE'S BANK.

Transacts a general Banking Business, deals in Eastern and Sterling Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold, Silver, etc.

Special attention given to collections.

J. L. Thorne, Banker.

Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 45-1/2

### H. O. MOWERS,

Surgeon Dentist, Hastings, Minn. Office north side Second Street, between Ramsey and Sibley Streets, over Thorne's store. 32-1/2

### FOR SALE.—VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY.

Property can be bought at a bargain by calling on the undersigned, at the Herndon House. W. C. HANCOCK.

Hastings, June 12, 1865. 10-3m.

### MRS. MARY TORRANCE.

Private Boarding House, Ramsey Street, Hastings, Minn. Boarders taken by the day or week, at reasonable rates. 32-1/2

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### FOR SALE.—THE HOUSE AND LOT

opposite the Methodist church on Vermillion Street. Inquire on the premises of 13-4w\* W. A. ALLEN.

#### FARMER'S HOME.

Rudolph Latto, Proprietor.

This tavern, on Vermillion Street, between 3d and 4th Streets, is thoroughly renovated, and furnished with all that can be expected of a good boarding house. Travelers will find here a home. The attention of farmers is called to the good and comfortable stables belonging to the house. The restaurant and saloon will be furnished with excellent articles.

14-1/2 RUDOLPH LATTO.

#### SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN.

diann.—License having been duly granted by the probate court in and for the county of Dakota, Minnesota, to me as the guardian of Catharine E. Kinloch, Juliet and Francis Stanley to sell the real estate of said minors which is hereafter described.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to the order of said court and the statute in such cases made and provided, I shall offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the probate office in Hastings, in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the first day of August, A. D. 1865, the following described real estate lying and being situated in said county of Dakota, belonging to said minors, to-wit: The east half of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14), in township one hundred and sixteen (116), north of range nineteen (19) west. Dated June 30th, 1865.

GEORGE W. STANLEY, Guardian.

#### STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county of Dakota, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1865. Present Segrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the application of John F. Norrish, one of the trustees named in the last will and testament of Robert Norrish, late of the city of Hastings, in said county deceased, to have an authentic copy of said will and the probate thereof allowed to probate in this county and that he be appointed administrator with the will annexed.

It is ordered that the first day of August, 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, be and the same is hereby appointed as the time and place of allowing said will. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in The Hastings Conserver, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, in said county, once in each week for three successive weeks, prior to said first day of August, A. D. 1865.

14-4w SEGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

#### QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE FIRST

National Bank of Hastings, Monday, July 10th, 1865.

##### ASSETS.

Bits allocated.....\$80,675 65

Real estate.....2,200 00

Furniture and fixtures.....250 00

Expense account.....1,545 88

Reserve and other cash items.....6,750 00

Due from banks.....8,900 75

Normal revenue claims.....175 25

U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....72,000 00

Cash on hand.....2,500 00

Total.....\$100,341 16

##### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock.....\$100,000 00

Reserve fund.....250 00

Circulating notes received.....61,500 00

Individual deposits.....20,000 00

Due to banks.....4,300 00

Profit and loss.....6,000 00

Total.....\$100,341 16

#### STATE OF MINNESOTA.

Court of Dakota.

I, L. S. Follett, cashier of the First National Bank of Hastings, Minn., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. S. FOLLETT, Cashier.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of July, 1865.

Assistant Secretary, 2d District, Minnesota.

#### MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING

been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, executed by Charles S. Norring and Margaret Norring, of Lakeville, in the county of Dakota, and state of Minnesota, mortgagors, to Chauncey Tuttle, mortgagee, dated June 13, 1864, and acknowledged June 21, 1864, which said mortgage contains the usual power of sale to the mortgagee and his assigns and was duly filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for Dakota County, Minnesota, on the 22d day of June, 1864, at 6 o'clock, p. m. and was duly recorded in book N of mortgages, in pages 246, 247, and 248.

Said mortgage was given to secure the payment of a promissory note made by said Charles S. Norring and Margaret Norring bearing even date with said mortgage, for the sum of seventy dollars payable to said Chauncey Tuttle, or order, in and for Dakota County, Minnesota, on the 22d day of August, 1865, of range twenty-one (21), containing one hundred and fourteen 45-100 (114 45-100) acres.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such cases made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises, above described, at public vendue to the highest bidder at the sheriff's office, in the city of Hastings, in said county of Dakota, Minnesota, on the 24th day of August, 1865, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to satisfy and pay the amount that will then be due on said note and mortgage, and the costs and expenses of sale, and ten dollars attorney's fees stipulated in said mortgage to be paid in case of a foreclosure.

Dated, Hastings, July 10th, 1865.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE, Mortgagee.

GLADWIN & CONNOR, Attys. for Mortgagee. 14-7w

### LOCAL AFFAIRS.

#### BASE BALL.—Vermillion Club will

meet for practice this—Tuesday—afternoon on their grounds, play to commence at 4 o'clock. The public are invited to be present and witness the game.

#### GRASSHOPPERS.—These pests have

made their appearance in this neighborhood, and we are informed that the bottoms between here and Point Douglas are over run with them. We hope they will stay there. Should they get further back into the country it would be deplorable enough, and even worse than the drought.

#### MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK OF

Hastings.—This institution obtained its charter on the 6th inst., and will very soon go into business, with a capital of \$100,000. We have seen a list of stockholders, comprising many of our merchants and best business men of the city. Under their auspices it can hardly fail of proving successful. The officers are as follows:

President.—J. L. Thorne.

Cashier.—S. Mills, Jr.

#### DIRECTORS.

J. L. Thorne. Mark Willson.

J. F. Norrish. R. J. Marvin.

E. B. Allen. W. J. Van Dyke.

Wm. Thompson.

#### COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.—The

county board adjourned on Saturday, after a session of several days. Considerable business was transacted, the most important of which was statement of taxes and allowing bills. Action on the Hastings and Shakopee road was deferred until their September meeting. Mr. Jones was appointed to look after the poor in this vicinity, and will be in Hastings for that purpose on Tuesday and Friday of each week. This relieves Mr. Gardner from a deal of unpleasant duty. Hereafter all applications in this district for county relief must be made to Mr. Jones, either here on the days mentioned, or at the poor house in Nininger.

#### THE FOURTH OF JULY.—This day

passed off as pleasantly and patriotically, perhaps, as any previous one in Hastings, and pretty much to general satisfaction. A large number of strangers were in town to participate in the festivities.

At day break we were awakened by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. About eleven the procession formed in Ramsey Street as per programme, marched to Second,



## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD, W. R. TODD.  
Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

## A Startling Scene in Church.

There were many thrilling scenes in the New England churches during the revolutionary war. The following one occurred in Sharon, Conn., under the ministry of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith. It is found in Headley's "Chaplain of the Revolution."

Mr. Smith one Sunday took for his text a part of Isaiah xvi, 11, 12: "Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said, "The morning cometh." The question in the first part of this passage had been the daily, almost hourly inquiry for nearly a month, of every one of that congregation, and hence its appropriateness was keenly felt, but the startling announcement, "The morning cometh," took them by surprise, and they could not at first comprehend its significance, or how it could be adapted to the present gloomy prospect. Had he heard any good news? What had happened that he could say so confidently, "The morning cometh"? No, he had nothing new to tell them, only to proclaim over again his unshaken confidence in God's promises. He did not attempt to conceal or lessen the calamities that had befallen the country, nor deny that a fearful crisis was at hand. He acknowledged that to human appearance "clouds and darkness were round about God's throne," but said that the eye of faith could pierce the gloom. The theme was there, though wrapped in impenetrable darkness. In all the disasters that had successively overwhelmed them, he traced the hand of God, and declared that, to his mind, they clearly indicated some striking interposition of Divine Providence about to take place in their behalf. "Man's extremity was God's opportunity." Our extremity had come, and now was the time for him to make his arm for the deliverance of the people.

Prophet-like, kindling with the vision on which the eyes of his faith rested, he boldly dropped the general subject of God's faithfulness, and told his astonished hearers that he believed they were on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory to our arms. He would not wait for an indefinite future to prove his faith to be well founded—he was willing to bring it to the test of the present. They might judge whether he was right or wrong, for, said he, "The morning cometh." I see it beaming already gilding the mountain tops, and you shall soon behold its brightness bursting over the land.

One cannot imagine the effect of such language uttered by the minister of God in such a time of doubt and suspense. He ceased, and as he closed the Bible and exclaimed "Amen, so let it be," a silence profound and death-like rested on the audience; each one seemed to feel as if an invisible presence was there, and some weighty announcement was just at hand.

Suddenly the deep hush was broken by the distant clatter of a horse's hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes of swift riding and of urgent haste. They knew at once what it meant. For days and weeks their eyes had strained up the street that had led northward, to catch sight of the messenger of good or evil tidings that was hourly expected. He had come at last, and as he neared and clearer rang the sound of that wild gallop on the listening ear, each looked in mute and earnest inquiry into his neighbor's face. Right on through the place, straight for the meeting-house, darted the swift rider, and drawing rein at the door, leaped from the saddle, and leaving his foam-covered steed unattended, strode into the main aisle. On the deep silence that filled the building like a sensible presence, his armed heel rang like the blows of a hammer. As he passed along a sudden paleness spread over the crowd of faces turned with a painful eagerness towards him. But looking neither to the right hand nor the left, the dread messenger passed on, and, mounting the pulpit stairs, handed the pastor a letter.

Notwithstanding the good man's faith, his hand trembled, and an ashy hue overspread his face as he reached out to receive it. "Burgoyne has surrendered," were the first words that met his eye. (He staggered under them as under a blow. The next moment a rapture like that of the morning broke over his countenance, and he burst into tears. Rising to read the incredible tidings, such a tide of emotion flooded his heart that he could scarcely utter them aloud. The audience sat for a moment overwhelmed and stupefied, then, as their pastor folded his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven in thankful prayer, impelled by a simultaneous movement they fell like one man on their knees and wept aloud. Sobs, sighs, and fervently uttered "Amen's" were heard on every side, attesting the depth of their gratitude and the ecstasy of their joy. "The morning" had come, bright and glorious, and its radiance filled all the heavens.

A new and large hotel, just completed in London, is seven stories high, thoroughly fireproof, contains 700 rooms, and was formally opened by the Prince of Wales, who pronounced it even finer than the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, of which he cherished such pleasant recollections.

Remember to buy your goods of those who advertise, every time. That is the way to get your money back. Business men too poor or stingy to pay for advertising are not the men to sell you good bargains.

If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate them, labor weary nor drudgery disgust them.

## FARM FARM.

A gray horse and a yellow wheeled chaise stood under the poplars which shaded a brown farm house.

"Margaret!" Mrs. Frear's voice went ringing up the stairway to the east chamber.

"Yes'm."

It was a cheery voice replied, and a trim little figure that came tripping down after the voice.

"Aunt Mary has come, and I want you to go and shell the peas for dinner while I visit with her."

"Yes'm," again, as the worthy Mrs. Frear took her basket of mending, walked down the path, and climbed to a seat behind a sister.

You see she was a cripple, this Aunt Mary, and in her weekly visit never thought of alighting from the chaise in which she came. Consequently that vehicle had stowed away in its chinks more general information than ever crammed the cranium of any mortal carriage since the flood. It was, in fact, a perfect moving encyclopaedia of births, marriages, and deaths, past, present, and prospective, for the little town of Heath.

It they were seated, this June morning, two white-haired women, their backs were turned to the sun, while Dobbin cropped the lilac twigs, munching them after a solemn, reflective fashion, quite cognizant the while of the movement of the tongues behind him.

Within doors a tidy kitchen, great squares of sunlight lying on the unpainted floor, and Margaret drumming a slow song to herself over her basket of peas.

"Guess who?" rang out a merry voice behind her, and two brown hands drew her backward blindfold.

"Anson! But what will father say?"

"Nothing to me, I imagine. I left him down in the two acre lot with Parson Sykes. They'd just begun with original sin, and they've got to get through the decrees yet, to say nothing of the probable fate of the heathen world. They're safe enough for the next two hours," said the young man, throwing his straw hat on the floor.

A broad-shouldered, straight-limbed fellow was Anson Boise, and so tall that, as he stood there in the low kitchen, his curls just missed brushing the crock-beam overhead.

"But, mother?" again suggested the girl.

"Oh, I knew what would become of her when I saw Aunt Mary's Dobbin coming up the hill. They're having a rich time out there. I heard my name just as I leaped over the fence. So now, if you please, I'll sit down, though you, haven't asked me, and shall pass as a proposition, or penance, or whatever you call it, for my transgressions." He drew up a low chair and sat down beside her.

"But, Anson," she remonstrated, "I'm afraid this isn't right."

"Of course you are, and of course I know 'tisn't. But I know of something that's worse; and that is for your father to insist upon separating us when he knows how fond we are of each other, and for no reason under heaven than that I am an orphan and poor. I say it's a burning shame, begging your pardon, Margaret." And the young man's face flushed indignantly. Margaret said nothing and he went on.

"However, it's the last time I shall trouble him, or cross your scruples again for the present."

"The last time?" Margaret pressed one of the poles with her thumb, and looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, the very last time! I'm going away—going to California." The flush had gone out of his face, and instead was a look of fierce determination.

"California?" The pod was opened, and a round dozen peas rolled across the kitchen floor.

"California was a long way off to her, little girl, sitting in that Vermont farm house."

"But, Anson, isn't it a dreadful wicked place? Ain't they heathens, and cannibals, and bad as the Hottentots most?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Maggie. I only know that ye do what's fer yer own, and that's a great country out there. Oh, you ought to hear Jim Bartlett talk. You'd think 'twas mighty slow work getting a living off these rocks, he said."

"I know—but, Anson, seems to me 'twould be better to stay in a Christian country," said she, hesitatingly.

"I declare, Margaret, you're well nigh as bad as Uncle John. He says I'd better steal a horse, and get sent down to Windsor to making say the snaths." Anson laughed his old merry laugh. Margaret remembered it. It was years before she heard that laugh again.

Then there was a pause. The cat dozed upon the settee, and the tea-kettle sang out upon the hearth.

"And when will you ever come back, Anson?" asked the girl.

"When I can bring something with which to make a home of my own," he said; and there was another silence.

long while. We shall be old men and women by that time, perhaps," trying to smile. "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"I will wait for you forever!" The words were low and her lips were very white.

"Bless you, child! But, please heaven, you shan't have to wait so long as that," and he drew her closer to him.

"Good-bye, and God bless you, Margaret!"

She felt his arm drawn tightly round her, knew that his lips touched her cheek, and she sank down upon the floor, her face buried in the cushions of the old chair.

"Why Margaret, what are ye doin'?" cried good old Mrs. Frear. "Here 'tis twelve o'clock this blessed minute, and the fire all out! What will yer father say?"

Mrs. Frear had begun a vigorous attack upon the cooking stove, but stopped short as Margaret, rising wearily, stood before her with blanched, bearded face.

"Why, what ails the child! Bless me, she looks as if she'd had a stroke!" A stroke, indeed, but not exactly of the kind to which her mother referred.

Margaret passed her hands across her eyes heavily, as with an effort. "It's nothing," she said. "I must have been a little faint. That's all."

"All! enough, I should think. You just come into my room and lie down on my bed, and I'll make you a cup of sage tea. Mercy on me! I hope 'twon't be the black-tongue. Your Aunt Mary told me that was prevalent in Burnet. Just let me look over yer tongue," and the good woman bustled about, bringing blankets, brewing herbs, in her solicitude for her child, quite oblivious of dinner and all other minor considerations.

And Margaret buried her eyes in the snowy pillows, while Anson, with all his worldly effects packed in one valise, took his way on foot to the next stage town. And the next week a tall man stood on the ship's deck and watched the blue New England hills grow dim; and a little figure in its brown dress, sat still in the Vermont farm-house and worked on as before—only her cheek was a trifle whiter, and instead of her old song there was silence.

Ten long years! Long to look forward to look back only the brief dream of a summer night. But time enough to create new joys, to forget many old ones. Had Margaret Frear forgotten? Why we will see.

The same tidy kitchen; the same old chair, and seated therein a pale woman in mourning dress. She had sat down in the kitchen; she could not stay in the sitting room to-day. They had carried out from there yesterday a coffin—her mother's—and in that place between the windows, where the table was standing now, it had stood. She seemed to see the black pall there yet.

There was a knocking at the inner door, followed by the entrance of a tall woman in a dark gingham gown. It was Mrs. Kittredge. She lived next door, which next door was a good half mile away, but they were all called in Heathen neighbors.

"Told my husband," she said, laying down her sunbonnet—"I told him, Margaret, that I'd just come over and sit down 'long with you a spell. I know 't must be lonesome like."

"I am very glad to see you," said Margaret, and she rose, shaking the cushions of the rocking chair and setting it out for her visitor.

"No, no, you just keep yer sittin. You're tired. I'll fetch a chair for myself out of the keepin'-room." And Mrs. Kittredge opened the door softly into that room.

"Perhaps it would be pleasanter in the sitting room," he feebly suggested Margaret.

"No, I know just how 'tis. 'Twas just so to our house after grandfather died. For a week we couldn't bear to go into his room. Seemed as if 'twas chills somehow, like a vault. The good woman took off her spectacles and wiped them with the corner of her black silk apron. She had gray hair, and years of labor had left their record in wrinkles on her face. That face with its large features could never have been beautiful, even in the best estate; but over many a sick bed, over many a sore and sorrowing soul, it had shone as the face of an angel.

"It seems as though I must see your mother round somewhere," she said, and the spectacles grew dim again. "It's going on thirty years now that we've lived along side of each other, and a sight of comfort we've had together; a sight of comfort, Margaret," she repeated, "an' we never took nothing but comfort together, the Lord be thanked, and that's more'n most neighbors can say." The old clock ticked in the corner, and the two sat silent for a little while. Mrs. Kittredge was knitting very fast. The tears would keep coming, and she was choking them down under that string of gold beads about her neck. She had come over purposely to "cheer up" Margaret; and here she was crying herself. She has never heard, good woman that she is, what some one had said: "Be not inconsistent but simple true," and so consistency and truth are having a sore battle of it. The former conquers, however, and she says:

"Well, Margaret, she was a good mother to you; and now she's gone, you'd ought to be grateful that she was spared so long."

"I know it, Mrs. Kittredge; but it is very hard to be grateful always," and Margaret's lip begins to tremble.

"Bless your dear soul! I know 't's hard; but, as my husband says, 'We'd ought to thank the Lord that it's as well with us as it is.'"

Very homely consolation this, but nevertheless, all the more, possibly, it went down into the orphaned solitary girl. A soil, which all day long had seared under a burning sun, receiving at night the cooling rain and the dews of heaven, it was like this, Margaret

thought, the spoken comfort of an honest soul.

"I suppose you'll sell the place, most likely," said Mrs. Kittredge, presently.

"It was well enough," she said to herself, "for Margaret to begin to think of these things. It would take up her mind."

"Sell the old place?" Margaret had never thought of such a thing before. And yet, why not? She could not manage the farm herself. Besides it was all silted—its value might be more available in some other form. So she replied, quietly enough:

"I don't know that there will be any other way."

"Yes, I was tellin' him—for good Mrs. Kittredge there seemed to be but one substantive possible to this person. "I was tellin' him this morning that there'd be enough that would be glad to buy the Frear Farm. It's under good cultivation, and the building's all in good repair. There's Squire Varnum, now, he'd be glad to take the ten-acre lot 'long side of his mowin'; and for the rest o'n't, there's my brother Hal lookin' round for a farm for Zimri. He's layin' out to be married this fall, you know."

"Oh, I'm sure there would be no difficulty in disposing of it," said Margaret, for the sake of making some reply. Her thoughts were too busy just then for her to talk.

It was sudden, this plan of selling the homestead. A little like taking the ground from beneath her feet, it seemed to her, and she hardly knew what would become of her afterward. Mrs. Kittredge's thoughts must have been nearly in the same place, for she asked, "And what are you intendin' to do, Margaret?"

"Indeed, I hardly had thought yet, Mrs. Kittredge. Perhaps I might take a room somewhere, and board myself, and teach the district school," she said.

"Now that sounds sensible; and as for a room you're welcome to come to our house."

"Thank you," said Margaret, and Mrs. Kittredge went on:

"I can't help thinkin' Margaret how 'most any girl situated as you are would be thinkin' 'gittin' married, and havin' a home of their own. But that ain't your way." This was said in a deprecatory tone, and Mrs. Kittredge gave Margaret's face one searching look. The face told no tales that she could read. There was only a little twivling about the mouth; so the good woman, shuffling a little in her chair, and knitting with a speed perfectly incredible, proceeded, as she would have said, to free her mind.

"Now, Margaret, I suppose you'll think likely enough I'm meddling with what don't concern me; but I must tell you we always wondered, my husband and I, that you couldn't be seen yer way clear to take up with Squire Varnum's offers."

Margaret's white face reddened. Mrs. Kittredge noted it, and took courage.

"Most any girl situated as you are would be thinkin' 'gittin' married, and havin' a home of their own. But that ain't your way." This was said in a deprecatory tone, and Mrs. Kittredge gave Margaret's face one searching look. The face told no tales that she could read. There was only a little twivling about the mouth; so the good woman, shuffling a little in her chair, and knitting with a speed perfectly incredible, proceeded, as she would have said, to free her mind.

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fore, when Anson went away. She remembered that a spray of it was in her dress that day. She had never smelled myronette since without hiving the parting over again.

Ten years. And Margaret, sitting alone in the gloaming, half-wondered if she were the same girl that she was then. She looked at her hand, folded on her knee. How thin they were! They used to be so quiet and plump, she remembered. But whatever else they had lost, they had kept the firm pressure of Anson's good-bye. They had always seemed, they always would seem, a little better to her, remembering it.

Ten years. She had promised to wait for him forever. It seemed likely now that she would. It was so long to wait. Would he never come back to claim her promise? If he were alive. But what if he was dead? They all supposed he was. Perhaps he was. Every one she loved had died. Why not this one?—And if he were dead was her promise binding? Something outside of herself seemed to suggest this. She looked away through the darkness. A bright light gleamed from among the maples on the hill. It came from the bow-window of Squire Varnum's library. Margaret watched it a moment, thinking then of her own little room at Mrs. Kittredge's. It was a contrast certainly. A word of hers would place her under the cheery lamplight of that library, with all those old books looking down, and Squire Varnum's genial face looking across at her. Should she speak that word. But between her and any such answer there came her own voice of old promising to "Wait forever." And she remembered too well Anson's "Please Heaven, you shall never have to wait so long," to forget it now. And so she would trust God. Wait and hope still, though it should be hoping against hope.

And then the shadow deepened, and the flames of sunset burned to ashes down the west, and the figure of the lonely girl was lost in the gloom of the porch.

She started suddenly. Something brushed against her foot. Only the one; she had forgotten her until that moment.

"Come pussy," she said. "You shall go to," and taking the old creature in her arms she went down the walk; the creaking gate swung behind her, as she passed out into the night.

"The Frear Farm to be sold to-day," they said. An auction was an event to the drovers in this quiet land of farms. Early in the afternoon the old vendue-master was upon the stand, shouting and gesticulating in a way which would have done justice to a more noisy contested sale. There were, in fact, but two competitors for the farm, Squire Varnum and Deacon Hall. The latter had just risen by his opponent.

"The Deacon's got it now," said a voice in the crowd, but just then the speaker appeared a new figure upon the scene. On the street, in front of the house, just under the poplars, a wagon had stopped, and a tall man, bronzed and brown-bearded, stood erect in it looking down upon the crowd with a keen, steady eye.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" shouted the auctioneer, "I'm offered twenty-five hundred dollars for Frear Farm! Who bids again? going, gentlemen!—Too cheap by half. Going!"

Every ear awaited the final "Going," when a voice sang out, deep and clear as a bell. "Twenty-six hundred dollars!"

The astonished farmers faced about to a man, and scanned the new comer.

"Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five!" vociferated Deacon Hall, boldly taking his supposed possession suddenly taking to itself wings.

"Twenty-seven hundred!" shouted the stranger, leaping from his wagon with a bound, and striding through the crowd. He reached the stand just as the hammer came down.

"Gone for twenty-seven hundred to—what name, sir?" and the vendue-master turned to the stranger.

"My fellow-townsmen ought to do me the honor to remember that, sir," he replied with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"By all the powers! I believe it's Anson Boise!" exclaimed the old man, taking the stranger by the arm, and turning him towards the light.

"The same, sir," and Anson extended his hand cordially.

"Well done, and well grown to. Why, what a giant you are! Might be a piece of the sons of Anak the Scriptures tell about," said Deacon Hall looking up at him.

"And so you've come back to settle down among us. That's right, that's right," and they pressed round to shake hands with him.

"Where is your wife, Anson?" asked one.

"Haven't found her yet," was the laughing rejoinder.

Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard a step coming down the walk. "The auctioneer," she said. Well, she was ready for him. She had been schooling herself all day. She would be brave and not flatter when he told her that the old homestead was gone. To whom? she wondered, and then the light before her eyes darkened, and there rang out again the merry challenge—

"Guess who comes now?"

Poor Margaret, she had been ready for the auctioneer—ready for almost anything, she thought; but not for this; she gave a little cry and would have fallen to the floor.

Then you know what happened, how Anson took her in his strong arms and carried her to the air, and how Mrs. Kittredge ran for water and the "camfire bottle," and the household generally was thrown into a state of confusion.

"Poor little creature, 'twas all so sudden!" said Mrs. Kittredge, soothingly, as she bathed Margaret's white

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Farmers' Sons.

The sons of farmers commonly think their lot is a hard one. Unlike most city youths, they are compelled to perform daily toil. Their life is not one of constant amusement. They cannot see and hear as much as their city cousins. They do not dress in as fine clothes—cannot treat and be treated at the popular saloons, or visit the costly gambling resorts which abound in every city. They feel that their lot is indeed a hard one, and the highest ambition of many of them is to arrive at the age when they can go to the city and see "all the sights." But let us talk to our farmers' boys. You are in the right place. You are learning habits of industry and frugality. By your daily toil you are acquiring a sound constitution—a most important matter. And this is one of the reasons that our great men have come from farmers' sons.

They have grown up robust, with constitutions that can endure a great amount of mental labor, which youths from the city, with weak and feeble frames, could not stand. If you cannot see as much as city youths, neither are you exposed to the vices and temptations of city life, which proves the destruction of nearly all raised in a city. You are then on the right track—go ahead. Resolute to form no bad habits. Indulge in no intoxicating drinks. If you form a love for them, it is almost impossible to subdue it. Do not acquire the habit of chewing or smoking tobacco, or taking snuff. Read good books; let no opportunity for improvement pass away neglected, and you will grow up useful, intelligent men.—*Rural World.*

CASH PAID FOR BONES, RAGS, OLD Iron, Copper, Brass and Lead in large or small quantities, by

FABIAN, RYAN, & FARRELL, at their store, No 14 Fifth Street, between Main and Cery, or Wharf at Rocketts, near Canal Lock.

So runs the advertisement. Well, the advertiser can be supplied in unlimited quantities. The war has produced many thousands of each article called for. Bones encumber every field, fertilizing the soil, and making rank the vegetation and summer crops. They are human bones, horse bones, mule bones, and ox bones; but the human bones are the most numerous. Argosies of them cover an hundred plains in Virginia. Never before in the history of the 19th century was there such a feast of the vultures, such a carnival of carrion. Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered; and it would seem that all the vultures on the continent of America flocked and flapped into the late confederacy. Be hold, in the dry bones of man and beast, the broken and scattered relics of their great feast—now over at last, thank Heaven! Who wants to buy any bones?

Rags, rags! bring out your rags! Are they not in every house throughout the land; upon the back of paupered people, squalid childhood, and old age? Want to buy old rags, speculators. There are tons for sale—rags that were once portions of bright garments, whole and new, clothing and decking a people happy and prosperous—now rags, soiled with blood and drenched with tears.

Old iron, old iron and brass. The very words are symbolical of wreck and ruin and desolation and devastation. For sale—an hundred thousand tons of iron shot and shell, poured into wrecked cities from hoarse-throated guns, the broken iron debris of many ships, sunken, blown up, and burned; the lifeless pulchre machinery of destroyed mills, factories, arsenals, and machine shops. Who wants to buy any old iron?

Lead, ah! that cruel article, lead—that, done up in a conical shape, has cut short and quick the threads of half a million of human lives. "Unerring messengers"—war has no more use for them. They have done their work well; let them now be sold to the highest bidder, and moulded into peaceful shapes, to execute the mission of peace and economy—not those of war and destruction.—*Richmond Whig, June 23d.*

Influence of Newspapers. A school-teacher, who had been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:



## DRY GOODS &amp; GROCERIES.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE,

(Successor to Eyre &amp; Holmes.)

DEALER IN

## DRY GOODS,

## Groceries and

## Provisions,

## Wooden and Willow Ware,

## BOOTS &amp; SHOES,

## Tobacco and Cigars.

Call in and see one of the best stocks

of goods in this market. Store corner of

Second and Ramsey Streets.

Hastings, May 3, 1865. 4-1f

## GREAT DECLINE IN

## DRY GOODS!

## Willson's Cheap Store

is full to overflowing with every variety of

LINEN, WOOLEN, COTTON,

AND SILK GOODS,

BASQUES, CIRCULARS, &amp; SHAWLS.

## LADIES DRESS GOODS,

## BOOTS AND SHOES!

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,

Hats, Caps, and Straw Goods!

## BEST TEA IN TOWN!

All bought low and exclusively

for cash!

Call here and get

THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

Try us and be satisfied!

## MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE,

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK,

Hastings, Minn. 8-1f

## DRAPER &amp; BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

AND LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS &amp; QUEEN'S WARES,

FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Sear's Bourbon Bitters,

Drake's Plantation Bitters, Blininger's

Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 30-1f

## MOORHOUSE &amp; MERRILL,

Dealers in

## GROCERIES &amp; PROVISIONS

Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-

en ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables,

etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents

for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-

office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the

city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-1f

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## CITY DRUG STORE.

J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## DRUGS,

## MEDICINES, and

## CHEMICALS.

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

Window Glass,

Glassware,

Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

Alcohol,

Pure Wines

and Liquors,

Trusses,

Perfumery,

Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be

found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medi-

cines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully

compounded at all hours. All medicines

warranted genuine, and of the best

quality.

J. E. FINCH.

Hastings, March 22d, 1865. 60-1f

## THE CONSERVER

Published every Tuesday Morning at

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

Terms:

Single copy one year \$2.00

Six months 1.00

Three months .50

Payment in advance.

Address: The Conserver, Hastings, Minn.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 week \$1.00

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99 squares 1 week \$99.00

100 squares 1 week \$100.00

## FINANCIAL.

## UNITED STATES

## 7-30 LOAN.

## THIRD SERIES.

\$230,000,000.

By the authority of the treasury, the

undersigned, the general subscription

agent for the sale of United States se-

curities, offers to the public the third

series of treasury notes, bearing seven

and three-tenths per cent. interest per

annum, known as the

## 7-30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of

July 15th, 1865, and are payable three

years from that date in currency, or are

convertible at the option of the holder into

## U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold

## Bearing Bonds.

These bonds are now worth a handsome

premium, and are exempt, as are all gov-

ernment bonds, from state, county, and

municipal taxation, which adds from one to

three per cent. per annum to their value, ac-

cording to the rate levied upon other

property. The interest is payable semi-

annually by coupons attached to each note,

which may be cut off and sold to any bank

or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two " " " 100 "

Ten " " " 1000 "

Twenty " " " 2000 "

Notes of all the denominations named

will be promptly furnished upon receipt

of subscriptions.

The notes of this third series are pre-

cisely similar in form and privileges to the

seven-thirties already sold, except that the

government reserves to itself the option

of paying interest in gold coin at 6

per cent, instead of 7-30ths in currency.

Subscribers will deduct the interest in

currency up to July 15th, at the time

when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third

series of the seven-thirties will commence

on the 1st of June, and will be made

promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the condi-

tions of this third series affects only the

matter of interest. The payment in gold,

if made, will be equivalent to the currency

interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the

event of which only will the option to pay

interest in gold be availed of, would so

reduce and equalize prices that purchases

made with six per cent. in gold would be

fully equal to those made with seven and

three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

The Only Loan in Market

now offered by the government, and its

superior advantages make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 of the loan au-

thorized by the last congress are now on

the market. This amount, at the rate at

which it is being absorbed, will all be sub-

scribed for within sixty days. When the

notes will undoubtedly command a pre-

mium, as has uniformly been the case on

closing the subscriptions to other loans.

In order that citizens of every town and

section of the country may be afforded

facilities for taking the loan, the national

banks, state banks, and private bankers

throughout the country have generally

agreed to receive subscriptions at par.

Subscribers will select their own agents, in

whom they have confidence, and who only

are to be responsible for the delivery of

the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions will be received by

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HASTINGS,

8-2m

THOMAS'S BANK.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBOTYPES!

The undersigned has established him-

self in the rooms over Thorne, Norrish,

Co.'s store where he is prepared to take

all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles

and at low rates. Call and examine spec-

imens.

E. A. BRACH, Photograph Artist.

Hastings, Jan. 9, 1865. 80-1f

W. CROSBY,

Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bon's, leases,

assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, etc.,

etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writ-

ing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks

on hand and all information pertaining to

same freely given



## THE CONSERVER.

## President Lincoln's First Dollar.

In Philadelphia, on the 24th of June, the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, who was upon terms of intimacy with the late President Lincoln from the day of his election to that of his tragical death, delivered an address upon his life and character before the Girls' High and Normal School, in the course of which he related the following anecdote: One evening in the executive chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggested the thought, Mr. Lincoln said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied he, "I was about 18 years of age. I belonged to what they call down South the 'scrub,'—people who do not own land, and slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down South to sell. After much persuasion I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flat large enough to take the barrel of two things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western steamers, and the custom was, as passengers were at my landing, for them to go out on a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flat-boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any way, when I intended to go down the shore in carriages, with trunks, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you?' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. 'I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that would give me my first dollar. The trunks were put on my flat-boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out to them that they had forgotten to pay me. Each one took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and there it was! I had my first dollar. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, but in these days it seems to me like a fiddle; but it was a more precious thing to me than life. I could scarcely credit it, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I felt more hopeful and confident being from that time.'

## Close of the Fiscal Year—Large Gold Surplus in the Treasury.

The fiscal year 1885 closed on Friday, June 30. The estimates for the year, which are of easy approximation, from the customs of the first three-quarters of the year. Altogether the actual consumption of foreign merchandise during the year, the extravagant price of gold last summer and fall, is found to be about eight millions, in gold value, less than the previous year, while the customs in gold derived from this merchandise are only seven millions less than in 1884. The duties now average 44 per cent upon the invoice or appraised value of the goods entered for consumption. This rate, on a consumption of about \$1,000,000,000, on a customs revenue in gold of \$80,000,000. Last year the duties averaged 37 per cent, and gave \$103,000,000 on a consumption of about \$275,000,000. The secretary of the treasury, in view of the effect last summer of high price of gold, and consequent high rates of exchange on the consumption of foreign goods, estimated in his annual report in December, for only \$2,000,000 of customs. The fall of gold, however, the close of the war, the flattering condition of the crops, and the near prospect of a renewed regular if not active trade with the south, have all contributed to swell this source of revenue to \$86,000,000.

As the wants of the treasury in the way of gold to pay interest on the war loan funded debt were less than \$60,000,000 in 1885, the treasury came into the new year with a surplus in gold and silver of about \$26,000,000, including the appropriations made to pay the present July interest on the public debt, and not yet called for.—New York Times.

## The Fourth in New York.

The 89th anniversary of our independence was observed with all the éclat that New Yorkers could give the occasion. The military display consisted of twenty-five regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, accompanied by thirteen bands, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm along the line of march. The returned veterans had a perfect oration. A dinner was given to the Irish Brigade at Irving Hall, and the wounded, sick, and well soldiers were entertained at the great saloons of the city assembly rooms, regimental armories, and other places. The shipping in the harbor was finely decorated, public and private buildings were hung with flags and streamers. The parks and the streets were full of fair women and brave men, and in the evening the fireworks in the various squares and other localities closed the day in a blaze of glory.

A pew in a Congregational meeting house is thus advertised for sale in *The Amherst (Mass.) Express*: "A pew in the meeting house of the first parish in Amherst. The man that owns the pew owns the right of a space just as long as the pew is from the bottom of the meeting house to the top or roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If he can buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repeat and be a good man, he will go to heaven, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting house."

New York pays something for advertising. The appropriation for the present fiscal year is about \$100,000, yet *The Herald* says fully a million is paid out for this purpose. It says one paper alone, which has no circulation outside of an area of a few hundred yards of the publication office, gets \$250,000 of this sum.

The superintendents of the mints have decided that the motto "In God we Trust" shall be stamped upon all coins hereafter to be issued from the various mints of the United States. It has hitherto been stamped on the two cent piece only.

For the first time in four years, direct overland communication is now to be had between New York and Richmond, the old railroad route with connecting links of steamboat and stages being opened.

It is said that in a dockyard of England a ship of many thousands of tons was built, and a large multitude assembled to witness the launching. The immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators, but he turned indignantly toward them, saying, "I can push a pound!" and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the water. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inevitable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

Another oil bubble has exploded in New York City, a concern calling itself "The First National Petroleum Company" (not the genuine company, that name), having got into the courts. The style of the firm doing business as F. N. P. Co., No. 2, was H. S. Rowe & Co., and they copied the circulars, advertisements, etc., of the genuine company, whose credit was good; and the bogus concern therefore entered at once into a smug business. At length one of the emittants, when it intended to send a party fell into the hands of the genuine company, and detectives were set at work to ferret out the swindlers. One of the partners was arrested, and the other scamp is still at large. The swindlers are supposed to have received \$60,000 as the profits of their fraud.

The Atlantic cable fleet is expected to reach Trinity Bay the 24th inst. The directors of the company have established the following tariff: Messages from the United States to Great Britain, twenty pounds sterling for twenty words or less, and one pound for each additional word to the continent, twenty-one pounds for twenty words, and the additional pound to Asia or Africa, twenty-five pounds for twenty words, and one pound five shillings for the additional word. The address, date, and signature are all counted and charged for. Cypher messages will be charged double rates. The stock of the company is selling at a premium.

A correspondent of *The Union Observer*, writing from Albany, in speaking of the arrival of the ninety-first regiment, says that he saw one lusty six-footer, as bronzed as sun and wind could make him, leave the ranks and rush for the side-walks, where a beautiful lady met him, presented arms and saluted him with an old-fashioned smack, plump in the mouth, which seemed to make the hero feel rain-wet and ice-cold all over; but the man was "equal to the emergency," and said, "Thank God, Mary, I am home with two legs, two arms, and two eyes—to say!"

*The New York World* is publishing a list of the amount of the yearly sales of the New York merchants. One firm, that of Clafin, Mellen & Co., sold goods to the amount of \$42,000,000, and A. T. Stewart's wholesale department over \$39,000,000. These lists bring to light, also, firms scarcely heard of outside their own business circles, who do a regular business of from five to eight millions per annum. The facts, however, and these tax returns show in a striking manner the enormous wealth and business of the merchants of the metropolis.

The epidemic at St. Petersburg does not seem to be diminishing. By the last accounts the number of persons suffering from it amounts from three hundred to three hundred and fifty daily, and the number of deaths to about ninety. On the 29th of May there were four thousand four hundred and thirty patients in the hospitals, three hundred and sixty-four new ones were admitted, two hundred and fifty-three were sent away cured, and ninety-seven died.

A Washington special says the executive is deliberating on the verdict of the military commission, and will examine the voluminous testimony closely before rendering a decision. It is understood that the President is by no means pleased with the responsibility imposed upon him of endorsing the proceedings, and it is very probable that he may quash the affair and order a new trial by the civil courts. All the prisoners were found guilty by the court.

A good story is told of a Northern merchant who was eating his dinner at the Battle House at the time of the recent explosion in Mobile. Although badly cut by the flying fragments of the windows, he managed to rush to the telegraph office and send a message to his partner to "ship nothing but putty and nails." His duty done he fainted, and has been in a brain fever ever since.

The period fixed by law, during which time state banks applying for conversion to the national system had preference over new organizations, terminated on the 30th ultimo, but it is supposed that a sufficient number of state institutions have been converted to enable the government to absorb the whole \$300,000,000 circulation provided for in the currency act.

In accordance with the spirit of the act of Congress ordering no more three cent notes to be issued, Secretary McCulloch on his own responsibility directed the issue of five cent notes to cease with a view of bringing into circulation the nickel coin of the denominations which it is believed have been hoarded to a great extent.

Two hundred and six millions, three hundred and eighty thousand, and ninety-eight cents, is the exact amount received from internal revenue for the last fiscal year, exclusive of the tax on national bank circulation which will swell the amount to about two hundred and six and one half millions.

The secretary of war has ordered that regimental and company officers allowing their men to disband before being properly mustered out at their designated rendezvous, shall be dishonorably dismissed, with loss of all pay. This is done to prevent delay in mustering out troops, caused by officers leaving their commands, and arriving home and neglecting to make out necessary muster rolls.

## Summer Complaints.

A great many people expose their children to attacks of what are called "summer complaints," such as diarrhoea, dysentery, etc., both of which are forms of cholera, by the very means they take to ward them off. With the approach of warm weather, children are warned not to eat fruits, and are restricted to an inflammatory diet of meat or concentrated farinaceous food. Of course they are tempted to obtain stealthily what they are not permitted to eat openly, the natural craving for fruit in its season being proper, and having little judgment in the matter, they are just as likely to take that which is decayed or unripe, as that which is fresh and sound and healthy, and the result, hastened by a clogged, feverish state of the system, is often death.

Mothers should constantly remember that the habitual use of ripe fruit at regular meal-times, and in reasonable quantities, with cold water instead of coffee and tea, is one of the surest preventatives of summer complaint in either of the intense or milder forms. Eat as little meat as possible in summer, and keep the system clear and free by the use of coarse bread, hominy, fresh vegetables, varied with rice, which can be made palatable in fifty different ways, and is a most valuable article of food in this season.

Should persons, however, children or adults, be attacked with cholera, diarrhoea, or dysentery, take Dr. Hall's Remedy, and give relief at once. It is a simple and burning elixir by *chewing* tea. Nature itself nearly always prescribes its own remedies, and in these cases imperatively demands perfect rest and drink. Instead of cold water, however, Dr. Hall recommends the chewing of this with any restrictions, and in this our experience agrees with him. The food should be boiled rice, or boiled milk thickened with flour.

In a very stubborn case the rice may be roasted like coffee, made into a tea and taken cold. This treatment will cure in nineteen cases out of twenty. Bowel complaints checked too suddenly with violent medicines, are very dangerous, and frequently end in convulsions, congestion, or inflammations.—*Demorest's Illustrated Monthly*.

## The New York Millionaires.

William B. Astor is sixty-five years old; worth fifty millions; a round-faced, pleasant, quiet-mannered gentleman, on the cloudy side of sixty; owns two thousand dwellings, and is a landed landlord. A. P. Stewart is sixty, thin, nervous, dignified; worth thirty millions, and liberal in cases of benevolence which appeal to his sympathies. Commodore Vanderbilt is white-haired, round-shouldered, seventy, worth forty millions, drives a fast horse, keeps a fast boat, controls two fast railroads, companies with fast men, and gives away his money very lavishly. August Belmont, twenty millions, stout, fifty, and very German. George O. Gardner, five millions, fifty, looks younger; an agreeable gentleman. James Gordon Bennett, five millions, seventy-three years old; dignified in manner, broad Scotch accent, benevolent to the poor.

The correspondent of *The New York Herald*, at Athens, Ga., has been having a peep at sundry archives, documents captured by Gen. Wilson with his horse and his train. They furnish some interesting facts concerning the history of the confederacy. It seems that the provincial congress came down within one day of dishonoring the sacred name of Washington, by applying it to their bastard confederacy. The vote was a wise one. It is not possible that this tender flower could have been so easily given a name as by that of the "Confederate States of America." Its name could not preserve its odor, however, for it is beginning to smell very badly already. Let the ladies of the South, who are so full of "morally, tenderly" filled up.

Great demand for negro labor exists in Maryland. The farmers there are paying fifteen dollars per month to males, and from ten to twelve dollars for females, for field labor. The supply is still short, and agents have again been sent in different directions to make contracts and induce emigration, notwithstanding their recent expulsion from Richmond.

The site for the western yard has at last determined upon. It is to be located just below Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis. Capt. Charles A. Leaback, United States Navy, has been ordered to immediately commence surveying the land and erecting suitable buildings. Large amounts of naval ordnance stores from the city of St. Louis have already arrived at Jefferson Barracks.

The king of the Belgians in sinking into the arms of death. He is so feeble that he scarcely signs his name. He is very anxious about his son-in-law Maximilian, and has so little faith in his ability to remain in Mexico that he has prevailed upon Francis Joseph to restore to him all the rights and titles he had before going to Mexico.

*The Cleveland (N. H.) Advocate* says a lady in Unity and once became the mother of a fine daughter. A few days after, a copperhead neighbor happening in, said to the mother, "Well, I suppose you'll call it Abe Lincoln." "No," she replied, "I'm sorry I can't. Like your friend Jeff, it will wear petticoats!" Copperhead vanquished.

The parties who own the house in Washington in which Abraham Lincoln died have actually presented a claim for damages to pillow cases, sheets, and carpets by the blood of the President, and that after they have reaped a rich harvest by exhibiting their house at a high rate of admission. The bill amounts to \$500.

Recent statistics show that 105,988 persons receive daily relief in the English metropolis. Of the 3,000,000 inhabitants between three and four of every hundred find it impossible to obtain a livelihood, and are dependent on the voluntary or compulsory charity of the remaining ninety-six.

A simple mode of keeping butter in warm weather, where ice is not handy, is to invert a common flower-pot over the butter, with some water in the dish which the butter is laid. The office at the bottom may be corked or not. The porosity of the earthenware will keep the butter cool.

The government will offer for sale, within the next two or three months, upwards of one hundred million dollars worth of property, rendered useless by the termination of the war. An immense number of horses will be included in the property sold.

## PRINTING.

## ALL KINDS OF

## PRINTING

## Neatly and Cheaply Executed

## AT THE

## CONSERVER OFFICE.

## Cards,

## Programmes,

## Bill-Heads,

## Circulars,

## Posters,

## Etc.

## Printed to Order and at

## SHORT NOTICE.

## FOUND IN THE TIMBER ON THE ISLAND, opposite Point Douglas, one day

## MARE about ten or twelve years of age,

## one black COLE, three years old, with small white star in forehead, one light

## spring WAGON, box brown color, running

## gear green, and one set double harness,

## said property supposed to be stolen. The

## owner or owners may obtain the same by

## calling on the subscribers at Point Douglas,

## Washington County, Minn., proving

## property and paying expenses.

## C. E. LEONARD,

## June 26, 1885.

## PRINTING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

## promptly executed at THE CONSERVER

## Job Office. Call and examine specimens.

## Orders by mailcarefully filled.

## 1-17

## SEAGRAVE SMITH,

## Attorney at Law, Hastings, Minn. Office

## on First Street, in Gardner's new stone

## block.

## IRVING TODD &amp; BRO.

## PRINTING.

## ALL KINDS OF

## PRINTING

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## Washington County, Minn., proving

## property and paying expenses.

## C. E. LEONARD,

## June 26, 1885.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

## Great sale of watches, chains, diamond

## rings, etc., one million dollars' worth,

## to be disposed of at one dollar each, with

## out regard to value. Not to be paid for

## until you know what you are to receive.

## Splendid list of articles. All to be sold at

## One Dollar Each.

## 3000 musical boxes, \$20 to \$150 each

## 1500 " " " " " " " " " " " "

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## LEGAL NOTICES.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF

## an execution issued out of and under

## the seal of the district court for the

## judicial district in and for the county of

## Dakota and state of Minnesota, upon a

## judgment rendered in said court on the

## 22nd day of April, A. D. 1885, in an ac-

## tion wherein Eri Cogshall and Charles

## Etheridge were plaintiffs, and Henry B.

## Blackman, James C. Bow, La Fayette Em-

## mit, James Smith, Jr., M. S. Wilkinson, C.

## H. Parker, Alexander Ramsey, J. P.

## Owens, J. Q. Ward, J. C. Ramsey, H. L.

## Moss, R. H. Smith, Frederick Sommers,

## Harwood Iglehart, and J. B. Brisbane, de-

## fendant, in favor of said plaintiffs, and

## against said defendant, Henry B. Black-

## man, for the sum of nine hundred and seventy-

## seven and 10/100 dollars.

## And I have on the 25th day of May, A.

## D. 1885, levied said execution upon cer-

## tain real estate lying and being in the

## county of Dakota, and state of Minnesota,

## as the real estate of the said defendant,

## Henry B. Blackman, known and described

## as follows: To-wit: The undivided one-half

## of the east half of the south-west quarter

## of section No. thirteen (13) township No.

## one hundred and thirteen (113), range

## No. seventeen (17), the undivided one-half

## of the north-west quarter of section No.

## twenty-four (24) township No. one hun-

## dred and thirteen (113) range No. seven-

## teen (17), the undivided one-half of the

## north-west quarter of section No. twenty-



# THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

VOLUME V.—NO. 15.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1865.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

## THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD & BRO.



Single copies of THE CONSERVER may be obtained at this office, or at the Bookstore. Price Five Cents.

TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1865.

### From Charleston.

The steamer America brings Savannah dates to the 5th. The Herald says the 24th was celebrated in Charleston in an appropriate manner by excursions down the harbor, parade by the Home Guard, exercises in Zions Church, parade by firemen and a fair. A Fourth of July Association was formed, with Hon. A. G. Mackey as president.

Gen. Gilmore visited Charleston on the 5th and was consulted by a number of civilians on matters relating to their personal interests. In the evening he proceeded to Orangeburg.

The only iron clad in the harbor, the Catskill, has been ordered North.

The first foreign vessel since opening the port arrived there on the 4th, with an assorted cargo, from Bermuda.

The 47 Pennsylvania has gone from Savannah to Columbia, S. C.

The Savannah Republican announces the arrival of 300 bales of cotton from Augusta, and says as soon as flats can be constructed thousands of bales will come from the same direction.

Mr. Johnson, the Provisional Governor of Georgia, in an address to the people of Savannah, on the 1st inst., admonishes them to recognize and look squarely in the face the great changes which had been adjoined by the war and to take the oath prescribed by the President, and with earnestness and sincerity renew their allegiance and go to work manfully and with a will, to rehabilitate their commonwealth once more in the great sisterhood of the Union. He called attention particularly to the fact that, whether they liked it or not, slavery in their State was gone, and could not be restored.

### Poisoned—Murdered.

During the last few days thirty persons in the eastern portion of Cincinnati and nine in Newport, Kentucky, were poisoned by eating cheese. None of the cases proved fatal.

The newspapers publish the details of the murder of a woman and child there by robbers near London, Madison county, Ohio, last week. The owner of the premises, accompanied by another man, approached the house while the robbers were ransacking it, and killed all three with revolvers. No names or date are given.

### Fire in New York.

About a quarter before 10 o'clock on Thursday, 13th inst., a fire broke out in Barnum's Museum, and at 10 o'clock the entire interior was consumed. The flames shooting far into the air above the roof, and the wind being from the west the flames were driven towards Nassau Street. Six buildings were destroyed on Broadway, eight on Ann, and five on Fulton Street. The loss is said to be one million of dollars, on which there was half a million insured. The fire is supposed to have originated over the boilers in the museum basement.

The Rochester, N. Y., papers notice the discovery of a mail bag from the west, on the 7th inst., in that city, which had been robbed of its contents. The letters found were principally from Minnesota and Michigan. One of the letters contained a note for \$250 given by H. C. & L. B. Chase, and dated Minnesota, June, 29th, 1865.

Over one hundred and sixty millions of dollars have been disbursed by the Pay Department since the 1st of March, among the soldiers. The amount drawn from the treasury by paymasters, for more than a week past, will average about six and a half millions a day.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and family, and Mrs. C. C. Clay and family, were at the Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga., a few days ago.

A full file of The Richmond Examiner for the period of the war, was lately sold to a Boston library association for \$550.

The St. Peter Advertiser is the title of a neat paper, the first number of which is received. It is published by T. M. Perry & Son, and devoted to democratic principles.

### State News.

**Tax Crops.**—A short ride into the country a few days since showed us that the crops throughout this section are remarkably promising. We noticed many fields of wheat, standing thick on the ground and far advanced for this time of the year. The farmers are all hopeful, and look confidently forward to a bountiful harvest. As a general thing, corn looks well, as well as potatoes and all kinds of garden vegetables, which lately, however, have been more or less affected by various destructive insects. We would take this occasion to say to our eastern readers that as an agricultural region, Minnesota has no equal.—Stillwater Messenger.

**DEMAND FOR LUMBER.**—The demand for lumber this summer is unprecedented. The enormous prices that has been demanded during the past two years has kept people from using it beyond the absolute demands of the most pressing necessity. Now it has come down within the reach of people, the demand is very large, so that our dealers can scarcely keep the supply up with it. This indicates improvements which is not confined to the city, for the larger part of it goes into the country. It is surprising to see the vast amount of lumber that is carried out of the city every day.—Goodhue Co. Republican.

**SHEEP.**—Three brothers at Garden City named Potter have purchased in Michigan 2,000 sheep which are now en route for Blue Earth. Judge Finch also left last week for the sheep country to purchase 600 for his stock farm near Mankato.—Mankato Union.

### A Cholera Plague in Europe.

The cholera is on its travels—that fierce and pitiless plague, which has its residence in the East, but sallies forth at periodical intervals to decimate West, North and South. From time to time we hear of the visitation in distant places—deaths in the wholesale in Central Asia, deaths in Southern Russia, regiments disbanded by death on Indian marches, and rivers choked with corpses in the islands of the Eastern Ocean. The last Red Sea news brought word that Mecca and Medina are this year vast lazar houses of cholera-smitten victims, the pilgrims perish all along the road to the shrines from Jeddo and the southern ports, and the Italian and French harbors are shut against vessels from Alexandria. Marcellus has kept all the mail boats in quarantine ever since two moribund passengers were landed in the harbor, and at last we ourselves have been obliged to confront a peril that cannot be disregarded. The newspapers and letters which went out of the general office on Tuesday last were sent in boxes instead of bags, to prevent infections being carried out of Egypt by the mail passing through the country. That, indeed, is not a precaution on our part, but it is a fact that will also be observed with regard to the overland dispatches coming homeward. All the instances we enumerate, and others which might be cited, prove that the cholera is in its periodical march.—London Telegraph, June 22.

### Another Liberal Request.

The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury says: "Miss Sylvia Ann Howland, who died in this city a few days since, left a will which is characteristic of the liberality of one whom so many of the needy had cause to bless in her lifetime. Her whole estate is about two millions. The will gives two hundred thousand dollars to the city of New Bedford, half to be expended toward the introduction of water, and the income of the other half to be appropriated for educational purposes, including the improvement of the free public library. Twenty thousand dollars is given to the Orphans' Home, and the further sum of fifteen thousand dollars on the death of persons who are to receive the income during their lives. The income of fifty thousand dollars is to be distributed to aged and infirm females of this city. About the sum of a million he bequeathed in legacies to a large number of private individuals, in sums from two hundred thousand dollars down."

### Shocking Case of Suicide.

About the hour of 10 o'clock Monday evening, a man named Thomas Green, aged about forty-five years, committed self-destruction by precipitating himself from a third story window of the Farmer's Tavern, on the Market Square, and falling upon his back upon the stone flagging beneath. The deceased arrived in the city last evening by the five o'clock train from Beaufort, where he had been sojourning about six weeks at the tavern kept by Captain Knoble at that place. The unfortunate man was the victim of mental depression, occasioned by want. In a pocket book found upon his person the following memorandum appeared: "My name is Thomas Green, Bitchfield, Lincolnshire. If any one finds me, let me die in peace. My credit is gone, my money is going; my character is going. Work I cannot; beg, I dare not. The Union and prison I have a dread of."—Hamilton (C. W.) Times.

If a train is moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour were stopped instantaneously, the passengers would experience a concussion equal to that of a body falling from a height of nineteen feet; they would be hurled against the sides of the carriage with a force equal to that which they would be exposed to in falling from a window on the second floor of a house. If the train were moving at the rate of thirty miles per hour, they might as well fall from a height of three pairs of stairs; and an express train would, in point of fact, make them fall from a fourth story. Instantaneous breaks are therefore to be avoided, if possible.

The old story of the maid and the magpie, without the magpie, has just been repeated in Rochester. A lace collar and lace undersleeves were washed and hung out to dry. They were soon missed and supposed to be stolen. Some weeks afterwards an enterprising youngster found them in a nest which a pair of robins had built in a tree in the same yard, where they formed the bed of a fine brood of fledglings. One of the articles was so heavy that it must have required the united strength of the pair to convey it to the nest.

### Pleasant.

Yes, sir, happy season—the advent of merry picnics—delightful social family excursions, where the soft zephyr breezes, mid the glorious sunshine the fragrance of abounding vegetation, the gushing sparkling water of the rock bound hills, falling in musical cadence o'er the moss covered declivities in the recesses of the wild romantic woodland. Oh stay thy breathless hurry, snatch an hour for health and recreation, to enjoy a pleasant ramble in the forest glen, accepting the honest reality of the old saying that "all work and no play makes a dull boy." For in truth we are far too much occupied in amassing the "mighty dollar" to sufficiently appreciate the joys of nature, the many sweets of the grove and health. Methinks we hear the merry voice of children bounding around through the woods, with garlands and wreaths from out of the woods. What is more lovely to behold than the merriment of the young people, the young men arrayed in her new green shady mantle interspersed with myriads of buds and blossoms. The most neglected of our wild flowers of the uncultivated fields, and indeed, the most common and humble, the innocent confinement, forthwith the bear taking out of an unsatisfactory existence, devoted to an enslavement never ordered by nature's own laws. How often are the brightest lights that genius ever lent been suddenly snatched by death, in the spring of life by active mental powers exceeding their physical strength? Best is as essential of food, for a change of the ever fatiguing monotony of labor is most necessary to the recuperation of our exhausted vitality to fit us for yet greater exertions that may be required of us in the trying and arduous vicissitudes in the battles of life.—Poukepsie Press.

### A Capital Bath.

An open window, with the direct rays of the sun coming in will be good for the little one. On a hot summer day, to lay it down near the window, quite nude, and let it lie for some minutes where the rays of the sun fall upon its skin, will give it new life. There is a vital relation between sunshine and a vigorous human being. Seclusion from sunshine is one of the greatest misfortunes of civilized life. The same cause which produces rickets, white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, or to the rays of the sun through a glass pane, and you will find that the child will grow strong. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and debility were the result of long confinement. I soon found the secret of success in the use of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each provided with lounges, washing apparatus, etc. The patient on entering each of his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London gentlemen, who had been confined to their beds for months, and who were waiting for the shroud were galvanized into life and health by this process.—Dr. De Looze.

**WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.**—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. No one who reads without these private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted? Have you ever thought of the influence of these private tutors on the minds of the young as they grow up? What a grand moral and social light.—Dr. De Looze.

**To Persons About to Marry.**—A Persian poet gives us the following instructions upon this important subject: "When thou art married seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. It breaks but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper; forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, for crookedness, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

The United States post-office department has now become a paying institution. For the last six months 1864 it has net profits over all expenses were \$732,280 69, or at the rate of a million and a half a year. But the profits of the first six months of 1865 will be yet larger. During the last six months of Mr. Buchanan's administration the loss for carrying and distributing the mails was \$3,400,000. The postal receipts from the states in the Union in 1864 exceeded those of all the states in 1861 by \$9,072,000.

A French paper says:—Complaints are beginning to be heard from farmers of the cold, dry north wind, and a consequent want of rain. From the accounts taken altogether, the produce of the wheat crop will not be above that of a very ordinary year. The price of wheat has fallen in the French market to the lowest figure. The north wind and hot sun have been injurious to the Indian corn in the Soane and Loire. The potato crop will be abundant.

An ex-lavender applied the other day to a lawyer in Maryland for the restoration of his boy of sixteen, who had been illegally apprenticed by his former master. In reply to the lawyer's question whether he was capable of taking care of the boy, the father said: "Well, Massa, I ruther thinks I 'as capable as him; for, you see, dat ole Massa has done gone and hired a boy out for four dollars a month, and put de money in his pocket, and I s'pose I 'as capable of dat kind of kere, any ways."

In New York, a law requires all firkins, or other wooden packages for butter, to be branded with their actual weight and the names of the manufacturers, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars, and butter makers are required to use such branded firkins under a like penalty.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN.**—License having been duly granted by the probate court, in and for the county of Dakota, Minnesota, to me, as the guardian of the estate of Franklin C. Amidon, to sell all the right title and interest which said minor has in the real estate hereafter described.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to the order of said court and the statute in such case made and provided, I shall offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the probate office, in Hastings, in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th day of August, a. d. 1865, all the interest which said Franklin C. Amidon has in and to the following described real estate, lying and being in said county of Dakota, to-wit: The north-east quarter of section twenty-two, in township one hundred and fourteen (114), range twenty (20), and the north half of the south-west quarter of section thirty (30), in township one hundred and fourteen (114), range nineteen (19).

July 15th, 1865.

HENRY LITTLE, Guardian.

P. S. The widow's dower interest in said estate will be sold at the same time and place.

**STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA.**—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, this 17th day of July, a. d. 1865. Present Seagrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the petition of William P. Murray, the administrator of the estate of Alexander Conlee, late of said county, deceased, praying for reasons set forth in said petition for a license to sell the following described real estate of said deceased, to-wit: lot five (5), in block five (5), in West Saint Paul, as the same appears from the recorded plat of West Saint Paul, as the same is recorded in the office of the register of deeds, within and for said Dakota county, for the purpose of paying the debts and the expenses of said administration of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard before this court at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of August, a. d. 1865, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at the time and place aforesaid to show cause (if any they have) why license should not be granted to said administrator to sell the aforesaid described real estate. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in The Hastings Conserver, a newspaper published in the city of Hastings, in said county, once in each week for four successive weeks prior to said 30th day of August, a. d. 1865.

15-4w

Seagrave Smith, Judge of Probate.

**THE INDEPENDENT.**

**NEW YORK.**

This religious and family newspaper has now a circulation very much larger than any weekly journal of its character in the world, embracing among its subscribers thousands of clergymen of all denominations, statesmen, merchants, literary men, and friends of freedom and moral reform in all quarters of the globe. Among its contributors are:

Hon. Horace Greeley, Editor of New York Tribune.  
John G. Whittier, The Quaker Post.  
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who contributes a sermon every week.  
Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, L. I.  
Rev. Robert M. Stoddard, Methodist Church, Chicago.  
Rev. Julian M. Sturtevant, D. D., President of Illinois College.  
Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Episcopal Church, New York.  
Rev. Gilbert Haven, Methodist Church, Boston.  
Rev. William Patton, D. D., Congregational Church, New Haven.  
Rev. George Shepard, D. D., Bangor Theological Seminary.  
Rev. Leonard Swain, D. D., Congregational Church, Providence.  
Rev. E. Kirk, D. D., Congregational Church, Boston.  
Rev. John P. Gulliver, Cong. Church, Norwich, Conn.  
Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Wayland, Mass.  
Prof. Francis Lieber, Columbia College, N. Y.  
Mr. F. B. Carpenter, Artist, New York.  
Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Editor of "Becher's Life Thoughts."  
Rev. J. R. W. Stoenes, Scottish Covenant Church, N. Y.  
Mr. Alfred B. Street, Albany, N. Y.

In addition to the above writers, The Independent has numerous anonymous contributors, who write on a great range of miscellaneous subjects, so that no event or measure of public interest ever passes unnoticed in its columns.

The Independent is edited by

**THEODORE TILTON.**

Its commercial department by

**HENRY C. BOWEN.**

Its department of religious intelligence by

**REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT, D. D.**

The weekly sermon, by

**Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,**

is declared by thousands to be worth more than the subscription price of the paper.

TERMS.—2.60 for 52 numbers, paid in advance; \$2.90 for 52 numbers, after 3 months; \$3.50 for 52 numbers, if paid after 6 months. 60c. additional when served by carrier.

Six months subscription.....\$1 50  
Three "....." 75

**Henry C. Bowen,**  
PUBLISHER,  
No. 5, Beekman Street, New York.  
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## INSURANCE.

**GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.**

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**Are You Insured?**

**IF NOT.**

**WHY NOT?**

Representing the following first-class companies:

PHOENIX, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$925,902.97

UNDERWRITERS, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$2,250,000.00

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CONN. MUTUAL LIFE, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$7,226,040.16

GUARDIAN LIFE, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$400,000.00

Life, Fire, Marine, and Accident policies written at the very lowest rates.

The companies we represent are sound and reliable, with cash assets amounting to over

**Fifteen Million of Dollars.**

For particulars call at the agency in Exchange Block, Second Street.

Irving Todd & Bro.

Hastings, March 25, 1865.

**FOR THE EAST.**

**CHICAGO, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, AND ST. PAUL.**

Railway and Packet Line.

From all points on the Mississippi River

To Madison, Janesville, Milwaukee, Chicago, and All points East and South.

Two express trains leave Prairie du Chien daily, connecting at Janesville with Chicago and North Western Railway through to Milwaukee and Chicago.

**Without Change of Cars.**

Making direct connections at Milwaukee with Detroit & Milwaukee R. R. and steamship line. At Chicago with all trains for the East and South. The splendid steamers of the North Western Packet Line make sure connections at Prairie du Chien with morning express train. Arriving at Milwaukee and Chicago in time to connect with trains for the East and South.

Passengers from points above La Crosse by this route get a full night's rest on the steamers and breakfast on board at a reasonable hour.

Through tickets to all important points can be obtained at all points on the river. Call for tickets via Prairie du Chien.

Fare as Low as by Any Other Route.

Baggage checked through from Prairie du Chien to all important points.

E. P. BACOS, Wm. Jarvis, Gen. Ticket Agt., Superintendent.

Van Auker & Langley, Agents. 60-1f

**THE BEST**

**MEAT MARKET**

**IN HASTINGS**

Is kept by Tanager & Cross on Vermillion Street, one door south of the post office, where can be found an assortment of the BEST MEATS of the country afforded, served up in the cleanest, sweetest, shop in town, and at prices as low as can be found anywhere else. We hope to do a thriving business by meriting the patronage of the public.

Tanager & Cross.

Hastings, May 23, 1865. 7-1f

**THORNE'S BANK.**

Transacts a general Banking Business, deals in Eastern and Sterling Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold, Silver, etc.

Special attention given to collections.

J. L. Thorne, Banker.

Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 43-1f

**H. O. MOWERS,**

Surgeon Dentist, Hastings, Minn. Office now at Sec. 2nd and Street, between Ramsey and Sibley Streets, over Thorne & Norish's store. 32-1f

**FOR SALE.—VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY**

Can be bought at a bargain by calling on the undersigned, at the Herndon House.

W. C. Hanson, Hastings, June 12, 1865. 10-5m.

**MRS. MARY TORRANCE.**

Private Boarding House, Ramsey Street, Hastings, Minn. Boarders taken by the day or week, at reasonable rates. 32-1f

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

**TAX NOTICE.**—The Assessor wishes all tax notices returned this week.

We publish this week the opening address of Mark Willson, esq., as President of the day, at the celebration in this city on the fourth inst. Read it.

**WHEAT.**—Wheat is coming into town very brisk, selling at from 75 to 85. We are informed that there are large quantities in the country which will soon reach our market.

**DISCHARGED.**—M. H. Arnold, esq., late Co. F., Independent Battalion, has received his discharge and intends becoming a citizen of this place. Good for "Mat."

**SOLDIERS.**—The Second Regiment passed by here on Saturday morning. The boys felt and looked in the best of humor. The First passed by here yesterday. They also look well.

**GRASSHOPPERS.**—We visited the island, below this point, the other day, and to our surprise, found a large number of grasshoppers. They being young, were unable to fly, consequently will do little or no damage this season.

**TELEGRAPH.**—The wires of the Northwestern Telegraph Company are complete to Prescott. They will be completed to St. Paul in about three weeks, running from this city to St. Paul through Prescott, River Falls, Hudson, and Stillwater, which will be a decided benefit to the various towns, as well as to the telegraph company.

**ACCIDENTS.**—We notice that most of our exchanges containing reports of Fourth of July celebrations, also give an appendix of accidents occurring from the use of powder, etc. In Hastings we have to learn of the first casualty of this description. Not a single occurrence so far as heard from, transpired to mar the glorification and general good feeling.

**AN ATTRACTIVE FESTIVAL.**—On Wednesday, (to-morrow) evening, there will be an attractive raspberry festival, at the Teutonia Hall, under the superintendence of several of our ladies.

The attractiveness of the occasion will be not only in the *raisantes* jokes of the feast, but also in some of the best fruits of the season, accommodated to our varying tastes, with the animating melodies of music, and the sweetest converse with the ladies present. The door will be opened at 7 o'clock, p. m.

**SAD ACCIDENT.**—Mr. Geo. Turner met with a severe accident on Thursday last, by cause of which his leg had to be amputated. He was in the employ of Rich & Tozer, and with another man was grinding a saw, the belt run off from the grind stone, and not thinking stepped into it as the belt was spread open, and throwing another off which caught the one that was around his leg, consequently drawing him to the shaft, breaking his leg and crushing the flesh in all shapes, as soon as caught, he threw himself upon the floor, grasping a beam and holding himself. He had not done this he would no doubt have lost his life. He is a single man about 25 years of age. He is stopping with his brother-in-law, Pearson, and is reported to be doing well.

**LOCAL NOTICES.**

Mark Willson, in Exchange Block, has a fine assortment of dry goods, etc., which he invites the public generally, more especially the ladies' attention. Willson is noted for quick sales and small profits. Call and see him.

**CHAS. STRAUSS** has received a variety of new goods, which he will sell at reasonable prices, and all articles warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing and engraving promptly executed, and in a workmanlike manner. On Second Street, nearly opposite post-office.

Go to Newman's to get your dry goods, for he has a complete assortment, and sells with a small profit. Ladies who want, can be supplied. He has the latest styles of the day, and of good material. Newman is a good fellow, and wants every one to get their money's worth when they deal with him. Call on him at Union Block.

Twitchell, in post-office building, has a large assortment of confectionary, consisting of candies, nuts, oranges, lemons, figs, dates, etc. They are of good quality and enough of them. He also has a large selection of school and miscellaneous books, all of which he offers at a reasonable price. Late papers from important points always on hand. Give him a call.

**GOOD TIME COMING.**—HOLLAND & MADDEN'S Great Coliseum and Varieties, will exhibit in this city on Thursday, July 20th. They have been making a tour throughout the state, and are spoken of in the highest terms by those who have witnessed it. Each entertainment will conclude with the laughable farce of "Love in the Cottage." Those who have never seen them had better be on hand, those who have will surely be. Performance to commence at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

**MARRIED.**

On Thursday evening last, July 13th, in St. Luke's Church, Hastings, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Morrill, Miss HELEN LUCAS and Mr. IRVING TODD, one of the editors of this paper, both of this city. No Cards.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL, ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, Rev. Dr. Morrill, Pastor. Regular services at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN, Rev. C. S. Le Duc, Pastor. Services 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12 m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

METHODIST, Rev. J. M. Rogers, Pastor. Hours of service 10 1/2 a. m. and 6 1/2 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

BAPTIST, Rev. W. H. Howarth, Pastor. Hours of service 10 1/2 a. m.



## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD. W. R. TODD.  
Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

For The Conserver.

Miscellany.

"Not what my fancy painted,"

(though painted still), is what a fellow

thinks when he gets the mitten.

"Thou shalt not kill," has no reference

to mosquitoes, or cut worms and striped

bugs when they are eating up your cu-

cumbers.

"The more we have the more we

want," has no connection with wives and

babies, except in Brigham Young's

department.

"All's well that ends well" don't mean

my fish, of which the cat has left only

the tail.

"Love's labors lost" when you marry

an heiress the day before her father

fails.

To "Owe no man anything," don't

prevent a mosquito's bill from being

stuck in your face.

"All's fair in love or war" till you

are badly whipped.

This world is all a fleeting show," but

with more side shows than a big circus.

"Learn to labor and to wait" is the

advice of railroad companies to the

people of Minnesota.

HERSEY.

For The Conserver.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Always wash your windows in rainy

weather. It is more easily done and

helps to drive away the blues.

Put a little saleratus in your milk

pans when you scald them. It sweet-

ens them, and of course raises the

cream.

Always wash your hands before mak-

ing bread. If you have company, take

the towel and stand conspicuously be-

fore them as you use it, that they may

not doubt your neatness.

Polish the particular knives with

which your guests are to eat. They will

scarcely notice those of the family.

Finally, be sure to snatch the broom

and commence using it vigorously when

you see any one coming.

HERSEY.

The States of the Union.

The following is a list of the states

constituting the Union, with the dates

of their admission. Colorado and Ne-

braska had authority, but refused to form

state constitutions. The thirty-six stars

on our national flag are, therefore, de-

signated as under:

Delaware.....Dec. 7, 1787

Pennsylvania.....Dec. 12, 1787

New Jersey.....Jan. 4, 1788

Georgia.....Jan. 2, 1788

Connecticut.....Jan. 9, 1788

Massachusetts.....Feb. 6, 1788

Maryland.....April 28, 1788

South Carolina.....Mar. 22, 1788

New Hampshire.....June 21, 1788

Vermont.....Mar. 3, 1792

New York.....July 26, 1788

North Carolina.....Nov. 21, 1789

Rhode Island.....May 29, 1790

Jersey.....Mar. 16, 1787

Kentucky.....June 20, 1792

Tennessee.....Nov. 16, 1796

Ohio.....Mar. 1, 1803

Indiana.....Dec. 11, 1800

Mississippi.....Dec. 10, 1820

Alabama.....Dec. 14, 1819

Maine.....Mar. 15, 1820

Illinois.....Dec. 31, 1818

Arkansas.....Mar. 4, 1836

Michigan.....Jan. 26, 1837

Florida.....Mar. 3, 1845

Texas.....Dec. 30, 1845

Wisconsin.....May 29, 1848

California.....Sept. 9, 1850

Minnesota.....Mar. 3, 1858

Oregon.....Feb. 14, 1859

Kansas.....May 13, 1860

West Virginia.....Mar. 20, 1863

Nevada.....Oct. 3, 1864

—Boston Teaeller.

A Good Plan.

The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye says

many returned soldiers are having their

John Walton's Farm.

"Haden't you better subscribe for it?"

"I tell you, no. I haint got the

money to spare. And, if I had, I haint

got the time to waste over news-

papers," said Eben Sawyer, with some

emphasis.

"But you will gain much information

from it in the course of a year, sir,"

pursued John Walton.

"I tell you, I don't want it!"

"Well—what say you, Mr. Grummett?"

"No, sir!" This was spoken so flat-

ly and bluntly that Walton said no

more; but he folded up the prospectus

of a periodical which he had with him,

and then turned away.

Eben Sawyer and Ben Grummett

were two old farmers,—that is, old at

the business, though they had only

reached the middle age of life,—and

after their young neighbor had gone

they expressed their opinions concern-

ing him.

"He'll never make a farmer," said

Sawyer with a shake of the head. "He

spends too much time over them papers

and books of his'n. He's a little mite

above farmin' in my opinion."

"Them's my sentiments," responded

Grummett. "I tell you, Eben, the man

that thinks to make a livin' on a farm

in this section has got to work for it."

At this juncture Sam Bancroft came

along. He was another old native of

the district.

"We was just talking about you and

Walton," said Sawyer.

"I've jes' come from there," replied

Sam. "He's been borin' me to sign

for a paper; but he couldn't come it."

"Ha, ha,—so he bored us. He's

gettin' a little too high set for a farmer."

"He's rippin' his barn floor up," said

Bancroft.

"Rippin' the floor up," repeated

Grummett. "Why—Mr. Amnden had

the whole floor put down new only

three years ago."

"The tie up floor, I mean," pursued

Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up from

the village; and his two hired men are

helpin'."

"Whew! I guess he'll make a farmer."

"And so they all guessed—with a re-

servation. In short, there was some-

thing highly ridiculous in the thought

of a man's thinking to be a farmer and

a student at the same time; and all

sorts of jests were discharged over it.

John Walton was a young man—

some five-and-twenty—and though he

had been born in the neighborhood, yet

much of his time had been spent in oth-

er sections of the country. His parents

both died when he was quite young,

and his father's farm passed into the

hands of a Mr. Amnden. But now

John had married, and he meant to be

a farmer; and his thoughts naturally

turned to the old homestead. He found

Amnden willing to sell, and he bought

it—paying two thousand dollars down,

and giving a note and mortgage for five

hundred, which had been cashed by

Mr. Piddon.

This farming district was upon a

broad ridge of land, which had been

cleared for a great many years; and

though they were the handsomest and

smoothest looking farms in town, yet

they were by no means the best. The

summit of the ridge was crowned by a

ledge of gigantic size, and the soil, over

the whole broad swell, was more or less

wet and cold. This was particularly

the case with John Walton's farm; and

some portions of it being wholly unfit

for cultivation. There was one field of

twenty acres—one of the smoothest and

prettiest located fields in town—which

was never fit for plowing. The soil was

so wet and heavy that it could not be

worked to any advantage. It had been

mowed year after year, yielding about

one quarter of a ton to the acre, of

poor, wild, weedy hay. Yet there were

sections that were good, and Mr. Am-

nden had gained fair crops while he lived

there.

Ben Grummett had a curiosity to see

what was going on in Walton's barn, so

he dropped in there. He found that the

whole of the floor where the cattle

stood, had been torn up, and they were

digging a wide, deep trench the whole

length of the tie up.

"What on airth is all this for?" asked

Ben.

"Why," returned Walton, who was

busy in superintending the work, and

also in working himself, "I am having a

place fixed here for making manure. I

mean to fill this trench up with good

muck, and thus save the liquids which

have heretofore been lost. I think, by

proper management, I can get full

double the quantity of manure which

others have got on this place."

"Do ye?" said Grummett, sarcastically.

"Yes," resumed the young man. "It

is a fact that the liquid manures, could

they be saved, would fully equal the

solids both in bulk and value; and

when combined with well rotted manure,

and some other articles which shall take

up and retain all the more volatile parts,

I feel sure that they will afford more

fertilizing power and properties than

the solid manures can."

"You don't say so? Whier d' ye

learn all that?"

"Partly from reading, and partly from

observation," answered John, smiling at

his good neighbor's open sarcasm.

"I don't s'pose it costs anything to do

all this?"

"O, yes—it will cost me considerable

before I get through."

"Yas—I should rath'er calculate it

would?" Ben Grummett spoke this

very slowly, and with a great deal of

meaning; and when he had looked on

for a few minutes longer went away.

"Swan! he cried, as he met Sawyer

shortly afterwards. "John Walton's a

regular hifutin. He's jes' about as

nigh to bein' crazy as a man can be!"

"Oh—I don't mean, rathly upset, like

them folks what has to be sent to the in-

sane asylum; but he's got his head full

of all sorts o' nonsense. He's got his

tie-up floor all torn away, and a trench

digged there big enough to hold more'n

twenty cart loads in dirt."

"But what in nature's he goin' to do?"

"Why—he's a goin' to save the li-

quids, as he calls em! An' he's goin'

to put in someb'ing to take up the—

—voluntary parts."

"It was vol something. But I don't

know. I wouldn't ask him. I s'pose

he just used the outlandish words so's

to git me to ask him what it meant—

an' then he'd show off his latin." But I

want to see."

"I wonder if he thinks he's a comin'

here to learn us old farmers how to

work?" said Sawyer, rather indignantly.

"I guess, he thinks so," returned

Grummett.

"Then I guess he'll find out his mis-

take," added the other. "



## DRY GOODS &amp; GROCERIES.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE,

(Successor to Eyre &amp; Holmes.)

DEALER IN

## DRY GOODS,

## Groceries and

## Provisions,

## Wooden and Willow Ware,

## BOOTS &amp; SHOES,

## Tobacco and Cigars.

Call and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets.

Hastings, May 3, 1895. 4-1f

## GREAT DECLINE IN

## DRY GOODS!

## Willson's Cheap Store

is full to overflowing with every variety of

## LINEN, WOOLEN, COTTON,

## AND SILK GOODS,

## BASSETS, GIRDERS, &amp; SHAWLS.

## LADIES DRESS GOODS,

## BOOTS AND SHOES!

## CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

## Hats, Caps, and Straw Goods!

## BEST TEA IN TOWN!

All bought low and exclusively for cash!

Call here and get

THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

Try us and be satisfied!

## MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE,

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK,

Hastings, Minn. 8-1f

## DRAPER &amp; BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

## GROCERIES, SALT,

## FRUIT, CROCKERY,

## AND LIQUORS,

## and Retail Dealers in

## DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

## BOOTS AND SHOES,

## HATS AND CAPS,

## WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

## GLASS &amp; QUEEN'S WARE,

## FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters, Drake's Plantation Bitters, Blininger's Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled. We solicit an examination of our large stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1895. 39-1f

## MOORHOUSE &amp; MERRILL,

Dealers in

## GROCERIES &amp; PROVISIONS

Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1895. 8-1f

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## CITY DRUG STORE.

## J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## DRUGS,

## MEDICINES, and

## CHEMICALS.

## Paints,

## Oils,

## Varnishes,

## Window Glass,

## Glassware,

## Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

## Alcohol,

## Pure Wines,

## and Liquors,

## Trusses,

## Perfumery,

## Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, everything that can be found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medicines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. All medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

J. E. Finch.

Hastings, March 224, 1895. 50-1f

## THE CONSERVER.

Published every Tuesday Morning at HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

TERMS.

Single copy one year \$2.00

" " six months " 1.00

" " three months " .50

Payment invariably in advance.

Address The Conserver, Hastings, Minn.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 week \$1.00

2 squares 1 week \$2.00

3 squares 1 week \$3.00

4 squares 1 week \$4.00

5 squares 1 week \$5.00

6 squares 1 week \$6.00

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71 squares 1 week \$71.00

72 squares 1 week \$72.00

73 squares 1 week \$73.00

74 squares 1 week \$74.00

75 squares 1 week \$75.00

76 squares 1 week \$76.00

77 squares 1 week \$77.00

78 squares 1 week \$78.00

79 squares 1 week \$79.00

80 squares 1 week \$80.00

## FINANCIAL.

## UNITED STATES

## 7-30 LOAN.

## THIRD SERIES.

## \$230,000,000.

By the authority of the treasury, the undersigned, the general subscription agent for the sale of United States securities, offers to the public the third series of treasury notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

## 7-30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of July 15th, 1895, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold Bearing Bonds.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all government bonds, from state, county, and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or broker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to one cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " 100 " "

10 " " " 500 " "

20 " " " 1000 " "

50 " " " 5000 " "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The notes of this third series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the seven-thirties already sold, except that the government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent, instead of 7-30ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this third series affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be available, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is the only loan in market now offered by the government, and its superior advantages make it the

## Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the national banks, state banks, and private bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOK,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions will be received by

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HASTINGS,

8-2m THOMSON BANK.

## PHOTOGRAPHS AND

## AMBROTYPES!

The undersigned has established himself in the rooms over Thorne, Norris, &amp; Co.'s store, where he is prepared to take all kinds of pictures in the latest styles and at low rates. Call and examine specimens.

E. A. BEACH, Photograph Artist.

Hastings, Jan. 9, 1895. 30-1f

## W. CROSBY,

## Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bon's, leases, assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, letters, etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks on hand and all information pertaining to same freely given on application, acknowledgment, etc., taken at the residence if requested. Will also attend to the collection of notes and accounts. Office over Mark Willson's Store, Second Street, Hastings, Minn. 44-1f

## CLAIRVOYANCE.

## Madame Andrews

can be consulted at the Herndon House the hours of 9 A. M. and 9 P. M.

## TERMS.

Past present, and future property \$1.00

Overlooking lost or stolen property \$2.00

Hastings, May 1, 1895. 4-1f

## FOR SALE.

THE STEAM SAW AND SHINGLE MILL known as Barron's Mill, with the mill and land adjoining the same, in Hastings, Minn., will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, price, etc., enquire of T. B. Haddleton, esq., Hastings, Minn. 8-1f

Barron &amp; Nash.

Hastings, May 27, 1895.

## HARDWARE.

## HARDWARE.

## M. MC HUGH,

Dealer in

## HARDWARE,

## TINWARE,

## STOVES, ETC.,

Corner of Second and Vermillion Streets, Hastings, Minnesota,

has on hand and is constantly receiving a general assortment and a full supply of

## Iron,

## Nails,

## Tinware,

## Glass,

## Sash,

## And Putty,

Also the best stock of

## CUTLERY

ever before exhibited in this market. These goods have been bought expressly for this trade, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

I am also agent for, and have on hand, the celebrated

## STEWART COOKING STOVE,

known to be the best cooking stove manufactured.

Hastings, May 14, 1895. 5-1f

## HARDWARE. HARDWARE.

## H. H. PRINGLE,

Hastings, Nov. 22, 1894. 33-1f

## THE ROCK RIVER

## FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

## OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

## CAPITAL, - - \$500,000.

S. M. CHURCH, President.

ALLEN GIBSON, Secretary.

Insures against all loss or damage by fire and lightning, thus affording the policy holder double the amount of indemnification given by other companies at the same cost. Insurance solicited at the lowest rates, and entire satisfaction guaranteed. All losses promptly and honorably adjusted. For further information apply to the undersigned.

The company has also established an accidental department, in which persons may be insured against accidents of every description, from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in case of death, and from \$5 to \$25 per week in case of disability.

\$5 per Year

secures to the policy-holder \$5 per week in case of disability.

\$25 per Year

secures \$25 per week in case of disability, and \$5,000 in case of death.

S. A. CHAFFEE, Agt.

Hastings, June 5th, 1895. 9-3m

## BUTTRICK &amp; CORSON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

## FURNITURE,

## SASH,

## DOORS, BLINDS, ETC. ETC.

Plaining, Matching, Turning,

done to order. Coffins of all kinds and sizes always on hand. Sole agents for

The Metallic Casket Cases.

Salesroom and manufactory corner of Second and Edin Streets, west of Rogers' store.

Hastings, Oct. 25, 1894. 29-1f

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HASTINGS

is now fully organized for the transaction of a general banking business with a capital of \$100,000. The bank will receive deposits, buy and sell Exchange, United States and State Bonds and Securities, Composts, Gold, etc., etc.

S. G. RENICK, President.

Stephen Gardner, Vice President.

L. S. FOLLETT, Cashier.

S. G. RENICK, L. S. FOLLETT, Stephen Gardner, H. H. PRINGLE, A. W. Gardner.

Hastings, Sept. 1, 1894. 22-1f

## 1895. BOOKS. BOOKS. 1895.

## W. P. STANLEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Books, Stationery, Wall Paper

## TOYS, and YANKEE NOTIONS.

Agent for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machine and Prince &amp; Son's Melodeons.

Hastings, Jan. 1, 1895. 30-1f

P. VAN AUKEN. B. H. LANGLEY.

VAN AUKEN &amp; LANGLEY.

## STORAGE.

## Forwarding and Commission

## MERCHANTS.

Dealers in Produce, and Agents for

## Threshing Machines and Reapers

## Railroad and Steamboat Ticket Agents.

Hastings, May 20, 1894. 6-1f

## NEW YORK.











## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD. Wm. R. TODD.

Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

## Important Discovery of Iron Ore.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says: "A discovery has been recently made in Peterborough Co., Canada West which is of the greatest importance. In several places, extensive deposits of rich iron ores have been found—specular oxides, black oxides, and hematites. These ores will yield from sixty to seventy per cent of iron in the furnace, and are free from injurious impurities. The distance by railroad to the deposits in question, from this city, is about 214 miles. The ores are generally found in elevations so high that, for ages, mining, in its proper sense, will not have to be resorted to; they can be cheaply quarried, and laid down here at a lower price than the ores of Lake Superior. The ores of that belt have been traced to Hatchewau Bay, nearly opposite Sault St. Marie; to the north shore of Lake Huron; now found in the region of the small lakes north of the Bay of Quinte, and northwesterly of it; and they have long been worked in the northern counties of our State."

## What a Woman Would do if she could.

Mrs. Caroline D. Hall writes to the Boston Advertiser:—"If I were wealthy I would immediately establish a school to teach poor rough women to wash common clothes well, and to clean house without doing mischief at fifty cents a day and their board. At this price, far better wages than these women now earn would be received by them. Hundreds of mechanics in every large town would hire at least two days work a week. Then I would train a class of girls to mend furniture, to repair veneering, to put on bolts, locks, &c., to hang windows and set glass. The farmers' wives in the country do these things themselves. They would gladly pay to have them done. Of the more skillful workers, would not you or I be glad to find a deft, tidy woman, who could hang paper, paint mock boards, patch broken graining, clean brasses or silver to its very best? Could not some women like some men in France, make a profession of packing of trunks, of china, pictures, books and so on? Oh, there are plenty of ways to help them, if you but believe the help possible."

## A Remarkable Cow.

There is a cow, in Washington, D. C., which marched with Sherman's army from Atlanta, Georgia, and during the time, from November 1, 1864, to May 19, she averaged a gallon of milk a day. At Washington she was presented by Brevet Major General J. D. Morgan to the Soldiers' Home for the use of that institution. Long may she live. The distances of her marches are: from Atlanta to Savannah, 326 miles; from Goldsborough to Cape Fear River, 81 miles; from Cape Fear to Washington, via Richmond, Virginia, 342 miles. Total, 1,250. She travelled from Morrisville, North Carolina to Richmond, Virginia, a distance of 177 miles, in seven days, and from Richmond to Washington, distance 149 miles, in eight days. She is now in excellent condition, and gives 1½ gallons of rich milk per day.

Mr. E. H. Chapin, one of the first writers of the age in one of his discourses, made the following sensible statement:

"I can respect the aristocracy of family, the consciousness of blood that has flowed through historical veins, and throbed under blazoned shields of renown. I can respect the aristocracy of talent, rising above all social considerations in its splendor and power."

"I can respect the aristocracy of enterprise that bursts all obstacles, and itself earns and holds with a modest self-esteem. But of all aristocracy that of a more vulgar flaring wealth, and nothing else, is the emptiest and vilest."

## Didn't Understand Irish.

Prince Napoleon intends going to the Dublin Exhibition. He was in Ireland some years ago, apropos of which there is a good story. It is related that the Mayor of Munster city, anxious to display his accomplishments before his townsman, waited with a deputation upon the Prince and delivered an address of welcome in what he supposed to be French. To his horror the Prince, replying in his most fluent and indomitable English, expressed his regret that his ignorance of the Irish language prevented him from being able to appreciate the no doubt flattering and kindly sentiments which had just been expressed by the chief magistrate.

Mr. W. C. Cowles, of East Hartford, has raised from one seed one hundred and nine stalks of rye, and from another eighty nine stalks.

## The Way to Keep Him.

"Out again to-night!" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I shall be in early; have a light in the library. Good night," and with a careless nod William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa. "Out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we've been married only two years. No man can have a more orderly house, I am sure, and I never go anywhere; I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh, dear, why is it? I wasn't rich; he didn't marry me for my money, and he must have loved me then—why does he treat me with so much neglect?"

And with her mind filled with such frightful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She had a blonde, with a small graceful figure, and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back and gathered into a rich knot at the back—"it was such a bother to curl it," she said; her cheek was pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chest wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves. "What's the use of dressing up just for William?" Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval still to be spent alone before bed-time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears: it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining all the evening about her troubles, her servants, and her headache, and all sorts of bothers? She's got the knack of that drawing whine so pat, 'pon my life I don't believe she can speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. It was not exactly dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening, with only William to admire. She rose and softly went to her room with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and then, his love regained, to keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz with neat collar and sleeves of snow muslin, with a wealth of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing around he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be soon cold," said Lizzie, in a cheerful pleasant voice.

"I must cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side, and Lizzie's heart bounded, as she recognized the old lover's tone and manners.

Not one fretful speech, not one complaint fell upon William's ear through the meal. The newspaper, the usual solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by his grateful interest and cordial manner.

"You will be at home to dinner?" she said as she went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie. I've business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial for me, don't expect to dine. Good-bye," and the smiling look, warm kiss and lively whistle were a marked contrast to his lounging careless gait the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper. "Oh! what a fool I have been for two years. 'A fretful dowdy,' William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with real wifely devotion, and her lips would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore; but like a brave little woman, she stifled back the bitter feelings, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen coverlet removed from the furniture, Lizzie thinking, "He shan't find any parlors more attractive than his own, I am determined."

Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure in a tasty, bright silk dress, smooth curls, and, oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome William as he came in; and tea time passed as the morning meal had done. After ten there was no movement, as usual, towards the library. William stood up beside the table, lingering, chatting, till Lizzie arose. She led him to the light warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting over again, as he watched her fingers, busy with some fancy needlework, and listened to the cheerful voice he had loved so dearly two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh! ever so long ago?"

"I remember—black velvet, with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fenders, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wished time would move faster, to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for this loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance, and then she said:

"I wonder if you love music as much as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I often drop in at Mrs. Smith's, for nothing else to do."

"I can play and sing better than Mrs. Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting. "But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it, and we will see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and, tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Hallelu, Lizzie!"

"Oh! yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlor."

One song after another, with a nocturne, or lively instrumental piece, occasionally, between them, filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little parlor clock struck eleven. "Eleven. I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for being so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; but, glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fireplace, her hands clasped, her head bent and large tears falling from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh! William, I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore last evening, how I had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will forgive and love me."

"Love you? Oh! Lizzie, you can guess how dearly I love you!"

As the little wife lay down that night she thought:

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned the way to keep him!"

## Care of Carpets.

When carpets are taken up, be careful in removing the tacks, so that the edges of the carpet are not torn, then roll up the carpet with the upper part inside, and carry them away to be beaten. As soon as the carpets are removed, throw a few old tea leaves, not too wet, over the floor, sweep the room out, and afterwards wash the boards with a wet flannel, but be careful not to throw too much water about, as it is liable to injure the ceiling of the room below.

While the floor is drying, beat the carpets, by banging them over a stout line and beating them, first on one side and then on the other, with a long smooth stick. After the carpet is beaten, it may be dragged over a lawn or else brushed on both sides with a carpet broom. If faded or greasy in many parts, an ox-gall mixed with a pailful of cold water, or a little grated raw potato and cold water, mixed together and sponged over the place, and then wiped dry with soft cloths, will make them look clean and bright.

If there are any appearance of moths in carpets, when they are taken up, sprinkle tobacco or black pepper on the floor before the carpets are put down, and let it remain after they are laid down.

Straw matting, laid under carpets, makes them last much longer than straw; as it is smooth and even, and the dust sifts through it. Slips of paper should always be placed over the edge of the stairs under the carpet. This will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards underneath. The strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth, convenient. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.

## The Selves of Society.

You would not pour precious wine into a sieve; yet that were as wise as to make a confidant of one of those "leaky vessels" of society that, like water carts, seem to have been made for the express purpose of letting out what they take in. There is this difference, however, between the perforated punchbowl and the leaky brain—the former leaks the dust, and the latter is pretty sure to raise one. Beware of ozy headed people between whose head and mouth there is no partition. Before you make a bosom friend of a man, be sure that he is secret-right. The mischief that the non-retentives do is infinite. In war they often mar the best laid scheme, and render futile the most profound strategy. In social life they sometimes set whole communities by the ears, frequently break up families, and are the cause of innumerable misfortunes, miseries, and crimes. In business they spoil many a promising speculation, and involve hundreds in bankruptcy and ruin. Therefore be very careful to whom you intrust information of vital importance to your own interests or the interest of those you hold dear. Every man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows, and if he does not do so, it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent propensity. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct—if we may so term it—wear him in your heart, "yes, in your heart of hearts." If you have such friend, keep your own counsel.

A son of Dr. Breckinridge having returned from the rebel army, the old man asked him in his quiet way, "My son, have you found out what you've been fighting for?" "Yes, father," the returned prodigal replied, "We've been trying to get the *reger* into Kansas. Can the history of the war, from a Southern stand-point be given in fewer words?"

## From the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Moorville laid down the letter he had been reading.

"Well, papa," said his youngest daughter, "when do you expect Mr. Wilemont here?"

Mr. Moorville looked at the speaker with amusement, not untinged with terror.

"How do you know that I am expecting any one?"

Blanche laughed rather constraintingly. "No matter how I know, papa, I am correct in my surmises, am I not?"

"Yes—I must admit that you are. This letter, which has some way been delayed, informs me that Mr. Wilemont, of whose name you have unaccountably become possessed, will arrive here this evening, on the first train from the east. He is the son of an old acquaintance of mine, and I hope, girls, you will make his stay agreeable to him."

"I intend to make him fall in love with me. I suppose that will be making myself agreeable," said Kate Moorville demurely.

"Fall in love with you, you minx!" rejoined her father, laughing. "Mr. Wilemont is a sensible man, made-moiselle."

"A great many sensible men have fallen in love with me," returned the young lady, complacently.

"Blanche! don't Kate, when the girls were alone, 'don't tell the old folks, but let me know how you found out Mr. Wilemont was coming.'"

"You will ridicule me."

"Why, I can't, with you in all your isms and dogmas, clairvoyance, and second sight, but I will promise not to say anything that shall hurt your feelings."

"Well—one evening—it was the night you all went to the concert given for the benefit of the soldiers. I was sitting alone—some unfinished work had kept me at home—when suddenly a strange thrill of terror came over me, and I became conscious of another life beside my own in the room."

"You will think me mad, Kate, but so truly as I believe in the heavens above us, a figure—a man's figure—glided across the floor, and placed himself upon the couch beside me. All I shall see that form again to-night. He took my hands, and a wild fascination, that had more of terror than pleasure in it, seized me."

"He told me that he loved me, and besought my love in return, and I promised to be his wife; yet I would have given words to have been away, to have the assurance that I should see him never more."

"Why, I don't see why it's such a dreadful thing to have a lover."

"Oh! Kate you cannot understand me. Mr. Wilemont is a bad man, unworthy of any woman's heart, yet I shall be his if he wills it. Oh! what are Heaven's designs with me?"

Evening came, and brought with it the expected guest. The girls were dressed to receive him. Kate was arrayed in a crimson merino, with her hair arranged in a waterfall, a cascade, or a torrent. As she shall have to get up a new set of questions in geography. What is a waterfall? The way in which a young lady wears her hair now. Kate was charming, and looked generally saucy and bewildering.

Blanche was dressed in black, relieved only at the throat by a bright ribbon. Her brown hair, of exquisite shade and texture, was drawn back from the full, fair forehead, and fastened in the careless, graceful mass. She was very pale, and her usual winning urbanity of manner was disturbed by an unconquerable nervousness.

Mr. Wilemont was presented. He was a slightly built man, with not particularly noticeable features, excepting the eyes, which were of a vivid and brilliant blue, and would by most persons have been called handsome; but the pupils were small and inexpansive, indicative of a cold and self-centred nature.

His gait, too, was darkly significant of evasion and teachery. It seemed impossible for him to do as simple, straightforward a thing as take a chair; he reached his destination by a series of undulations, and when there, sat perched upon its extremest edge, in a manner very trying to weak nerves.

All of these particularities passed unnoticed by all of the group save Blanche, and to her they were guides to a mental and moral region she loved not to explore.

The several introductions were gone through with. Mr. Wilemont bestowed upon Kate a glance, half respect, half admiration, her gay and sparkling beauty called forth; but as Blanche came forward he started, and his air was that of a person recognizing an old acquaintance, not gazing for the first time upon a stranger. Mr. Moorville noted this difference, and made matters worse, as unthinking people usually do, by observing:

"Do you know, Mr. Wilemont, my girl here, has had a vision of you?"

"I am blest, in being foretold by so fair a seeress," said the gentleman, gallantly coming to Blanche.

She shuddered and turned away. Days and weeks passed on, and Mr. Wilemont became fairly domesticated in the Moorville family.

Kate regarded him as a useful machine to take her to parties and concerts—turn over the leaves of her music book when she played, and supply her with needed bouquets. There was not the slightest danger of his acting upon her nerves, for the very good reason, that she had no nerves to be acted upon. He might have looked sentiment and talked sentiment 'till he was blind and dumb, she wouldn't have cared a flip of her rose tipped finger.

Would! ah, would there were more such lucky temperaments. Blanche was of a different mould. Passionate, intense, and when once thoroughly aroused, her whole nature must flow strongly into the channel to which it was first directed. Susceptible, impressionable, she was of that mental organization from which mediums are selected.

Blanche knew her own helpless disposition, and she resolutely set herself to work to avoid any *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Wilemont. She felt truly, in numbers there was safety.

It came at last, the long dreaded hour when Blanche was to be left alone with her enemy.

There had been a sleighing party gotten up by some of the young folks of the neighborhood, and the Moorvilles and their guest were of the company invited. But when the evening came, Blanche, who had been somewhat indisposed for several days, dared not venture to trust herself to the chill winter air. She supposed of course Mr. Wilemont would go on with Kate. But that gentleman declared that a young lady possessed of Miss Kate's attractions, could not fail to find beaux, and he considered it his duty to remain at home and enliven her sister's invalid hours; and Kate departed with a pout, that was half feigned, half real.

Blanche was wretched; but still her father and mother were left her. She had forgotten this was the regular evening on which the Masonic chapter to which her father belonged met. Nothing could have induced Mr. Moorville to fail his

"Companions of the mystic tie."

However, she was sure of her mother! Can we be certain of anything in this world? That good lady had hardly settled herself to her knitting work, when a sturdy knock at the door caused her to drop a stitch when she was "seaming," and a messenger hastily entered, requesting her to go to a neighbor's, who had been so inconsiderate as to fall sick in the night. Mrs. Moorville was known to be a capital nurse, and never refused to go when her services were required in the chamber of illness.

Blanche was in despair! As the door closed after the retreating figure of her mother, Mr. Wilemont gave her a glance that seemed to say, as a cat might say to a mouse she has at last got in her power, "my dear, we will you to enjoy ourselves; or least I expect to have a good time, and I hope you won't object." However, having given her an assurance of his capabilities for a torture, Mr. Wilemont did not think it worth while to terrify her further, but rather adopted the soothing style.

He had that day thought, the famous new poem "Enoch Arden," and he had a couple of books on Art; would Miss Blanche like him to read aloud to her, as she reclined in her easy chair.

After a while the reading languished. Blanche still postponing her fate, proposed a game of chess. She was very fond of this amusement, and usually played a deep game; but to-night she was so agitated as to be unable to distinguish one piece from another. After trying to "cast" by her bishop, she concluded she had better give it up. Of course she was prepared for the exclamation:

"Checkmated, Miss Blanche!"

Ah! she knew too well, she was doubly checkmated.

"But though you've lost a petty triumph," he said, (it almost broke Fenwick Wilemont's heart, to be defeated himself in any game that he was playing,) "will you not permit me to offer you something of more value than what you have lost?"

Mr. Wilemont was sitting on the very couch he had occupied in her vision. He turned toward her with a sudden motion that seemed as impulsive as if it had not been planned weeks beforehand, and taking both of her hands in his, whispered:

"Blanche! dearest, loveliest Blanche! I love you. You are, certainly, of his size and shape. And all the subtle enchantments of his nature were brought into play, to soothe and fascinate his unwilling prey."

Magnetical, but not happy, Blanche listened to his passionate vows of love and devotion; Mr. Wilemont always had a lot of pledges and promises on hand, that seemed all baked at one batch like baker's bread. He could swear more love in a given time than any other man of his age, certainly of his size.

At last Blanche heard the returning footsteps of her family; deliverance founded in them. She would escape to her room ere Mr. Wilemont had an opportunity of announcing their engagement, and thus setting a seal to it. Her crafty betrothed too well divided her feelings and folded her as usual. As Mr. Moorville burst into the parlor with his hearty, genial manner, Mr. Wilemont took Blanche's hand with a touch that seemed down-like in its lightness, inexorable as doom in its firmness, and leading her to her father said, in a voice that deliberated thought, not genuine feeling had rendered soft:

"Your daughter, sir, has conferred upon me the honor of her hand; do you sanction her choice?"

Mr. Moorville was one of those good, honest, but not acute persons, who, having done with love-making themselves, seem to forget that others are growing up around them to enact the same role of folly. He was as far from being a match-maker as a man could possibly be; but unacquainted with the dark shades of Fenwick Wilemont's character, he saw no reason why he should thwart his daughter's fancy, believing of course she was acting from her own free will. So he kissed Blanche's cheek, gave her father's hand a hearty shake, and the thing was settled.

"And so, Miss Blanche, you stayed at

home to be proposed to! Oh! what duplicity," said Kate upon learning the news. "Pon my word! I am shocked," and she made gestures of fainting.

"Oh! Kate, do not you turn against me."

"But I can't understand you, you're such a riddle. You would have bent the Sphinx all hollow."

"I wish I could understand myself," said Blanche, mournfully. "I do not love Mr. Wilemont—I hate and dread him; yet he has obtained a mastery over my nerve, (I believe that is a question of nerves alone)—I wish he would go away."

"Well, I can't make you out. I should either be in love with a man, or I shouldn't. That's Ned Selwin, a horrible bore, but he has the loveliest taste in cream candy. My heart or my lips are always ready for him; or for what he brings."

And rushing to her piano Kate sat down, and sang in a voice as impassioned as a jewsharp that touching effusion, "O! on the brain."

And now Blanche was plunged into an ocean of preparations, or rather Kate was far from that energetic young lady developed the heavy business of the trousseau, Blanche doing little more than reluctantly try on the numerous dresses submitted to her inspection.

Kate was what phenologists call executive; her firm muscles seemed never to require rest. Like Goethe's star she was "unresting, if not unobstinate."

She would spend the whole day in shopping, and at night be as fresh as the freshest, for "The Lancet," or "German."

The dry goods clerks learned to look with terror on her saucy little hat with its red feathers, and the sound of her little balmorals would send the knights of the yardstick trembling behind the breastworks of their counters. Kate never left a shred of dress goods unspectated in their strong hold. She enjoyed immensely the contention she caused; thus showing her bump of "destructiveness" was marked at least "six."

At least there was not a ribbon more to buy or shade to match, and Kate saw with a sigh the completion of her labors. She now informed the bride she might attend to the unimportant part of the wedding.

It came, the bridal morn bright and fair as if its smiles were to be lavished on gay hearts.

Sinking down on her knees beside the snowy couch on which was spread the hated paraphernalia of the wedding she prayed. Ah! we need great many things prayers, but there comes a time in the lives of us all, when conscious of our poor mortal weakness, we cast ourselves upon the all-powerful, all compassionate arms of our Great High Priest, who can be touched with the feelings of our infirmity."

Then—oh, we may not speak audibly, but the soul's anguish forces its way to that One Ear which is never turned away from human complaint.

As Blanche arose, a feeling of peace seemed to settle upon her heart, even as through the open window a snow-white dove flew in, and rested for a moment lightly on the bridal wreath. An omen of good, it appeared to Blanche.

"I shall be saved," she cried. "I know I shall."

The clergyman was come; the marriage service had commenced—when, as the rector reached that part of the solemn injunction, "If any man can show just cause why this man and woman may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"I can show 'just cause,'" broke in a clear voice, that fell upon the astonished company with almost supernatural force. No one had marked the stranger enter. "Mr. Fenwick Wilemont is now engaged to my sister, and I come from her sick bed, to which his trenchery has brought her."

"You are aware," said the clergyman, "your charges must be sustained."

"I am quite prepared to sustain them," was the haughty rejoinder. "Having been in the place of the law for ten years, I have some slight idea of how business is to be done, and I am aware of the very insecure position in which Mr. Wilemont has placed himself."

The stranger paused, and drew from his breast-pocket some papers.

"Perhaps Mr. Wilemont will recognize this handwriting. My family have seen enough of it in times past."

There was a great many virtues that Mr. Wilemont did not possess among them was courage. He did not wait the investigation—perhaps he thought that rather shabby citadel, his character, would not stand a siege. He fled, and the house of Moorville saw him no more.

It is said we are inclined to love those whom we have benefited. It was doubtless owing to this fact that the young stranger, Earl Allyn, took so deep an interest in the fair Blanche. And now she learned what love really is. No feverish, fitful dream; no passing feeling, compounded of terror and fascination, but a sweet, calm frame of quiet happiness. That only deserves the name of love that develops our best faculties, that brings us nearer to our ideal as mortality permits.

That person, and that alone, whose influence, like some spirit breeze, wafts our souls into some higher atmosphere of thought and feeling, is the person we love, however we may deceive ourselves.

True love elevates—not deteriorates. As for Kate, that young lady professed a grievance, declaring that there was no bad, but good, forthcoming for her.

But as she had up stairs under lock and key, a certain photograph, with a ferocious style of army whiskers, she did not seem to be so badly off after all.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Potash as a Manure.

Dr. Voelcker lately gave a very interesting discourse before the English Agricultural Society on the value of potash as a manure, and the consequent agricultural value of certain mineral beds lately discovered in Germany, which contain a large percentage of potash salts. Potash is almost as scanty in soils as phosphoric acid, while it is required in much larger quantities by plants. It is needed not only for itself but for its services as a vehicle of other substances. Silica for instance is taken into plants by its means. The value of wood ashes as a manure has been long known, and their effect has been due chiefly to the potash which they contain. An additional source of it has been long desired, and this has at length been obtained in the salt mines of Stassfurt, where a great thickness of potash-bearing mineral beds are traversed before the mine reaches the enormous deposit of pure rock salt (chloride of sodium) which there exists. Various extracted potash salts are obtained from these preliminary beds; some of them deliquescent muriates, but one a sulphate selling at about 43 s. a ton, of which large quantities are likely to be imported into this country for agricultural purposes. The following are Dr. Voelcker's remarks on its usefulness in English soils. He said:—

"What we require for the present, is an extensive series of experiments with these crude potash salts on crops and on soils more likely to be benefited than other crops grown upon the soils which, like clay, contain, as a rule, a good deal of potash. I would suggest for practical experiment, the following crops:—Turnips and Swedes, then potatoes and clover. And I would especially recommend potash-salts for light, sandy soils. These soils are generally deficient in potash; and I am not at all sure that a good deal of disease in turnips and root crops generally is not due, in a measure at least, to the almost exclusive use of superphosphate of lime, which, as farmers make as a manure on their light land. The disease in turnips is far less conspicuous on light land when only half a dressing of superphosphate is used, and half a dressing of common farmyard manure. In farmyard dung and in liquid manure we find a considerable quantity of potash, and on light soils I believe potash must be supplied in some way or other. It is on light soils of that character that clover frequently fails. I am not prepared to say that clover sickness is in every instance caused by the absence of potash; but certain it is that potash will be present in the soil, or the crop will not grow luxuriantly. Potatoes likewise require a considerable quantity of potash, and as they grow well when liberally manured on sandy soils, there is a greater chance of potash becoming exhausted when under the cultivation of potatoes than when corn crops are grown. The analyses of Dr. G. Gruven, of Salzmunde, prove that unless there is a potash present in the soil, our roots are likely to get diseased, and for this reason it is that I would especially suggest extensive trials with potash-salts for



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**AND SILK GOODS,**

**BASKETS, CIRCULARS, & SHAWLS.**

**LADIES DRESS GOODS,**

**BOOTS AND SHOES!**

**CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,**

**Hats, Caps, and Straw Goods!**

**BEST TEA IN TOWN!**

*All bought low and exclusively for cash!*

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**THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!**

Try us and be satisfied!

**MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE,**

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK,

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**DRAPER & BALLARD,**

Wholesale Dealers in

**GROCERIES, SALT,**

**NAILS, FISH,**

**FRUIT, CROCKERY,**

**LIQUORS,**

and Retail Dealers in

**DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,**

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

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**WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,**

**GLASS, QUEENS WARE,**

**FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.**

Agents for Dr. Swan's Bourbon Bitters, Drake's Plantation Bitters, Blinger's Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled. We solicit an examination of our large stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 8-1f

**MOORHOUSE & MERRILL,**

Dealers in

**GROCERIES & PROVISIONS**

Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-1f

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**CITY DRUG STORE.**

**J. E. FINCH.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**DRUGS,**

**MEDICINES, and**

**CHEMICALS,**

**Paints,**

**Oils,**

**Varnishes,**

**Window Glass,**

**Glassware,**

**Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,**

**Alcohol,**

**Pure Wines**

**and Liquors,**

**Trusses,**

**Perfumery,**

**Fancy Articles,**

And, in fact, everything that can be found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medicines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. All medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

J. E. FINCH.

Hastings, March 22, 1865. 9-1f

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Less than \$200,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other loans.

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Salesroom and manufacturing corner of Second and Eddy Streets, west of Rogers' store.

Hastings, Oct. 25, 1864. 29-1f

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DIRECTORS.

S. G. Renick, L. S. Follett,

Stephen Gardner, H. H. Pringle,

A. W. Gardner.

Hastings, Sept. 1, 1864. 22-1f

**1865. BOOKS. BOOKS. 1865.**

**W. P. STANLEY,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**Books, Stationery, Wall Paper**

**TOYS, and YANKEE NOTIONS.**

Agent for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machine and Prince & Son's Melodeons.

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**STORAGE,**

**Forwarding and Commission**

**MERCHANTS,**

Dealers in Produce, and Agents for

Threshing Machines and Reapers

Railroad and Steamboat Ticket Agents.

Hastings, May 20, 1864. 6-1f

## HARDWARE.

HARDWARE.

**M. MC HUGH,**

Dealer in

**HARDWARE,**

**TINWARE,**

**STOVES, ETC.,**

Corner of Second and Vermillion Streets,

Hastings, Minnesota,

has on hand and is constantly receiving a general assortment and a full supply of

Iron, Nails,

Timber, Glass,

Sash, And

Putty,

Also the best stock of

**CUTLERY**

ever before exhibited in this market. These goods have been bought expressly for this trade, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

I am also agent for, and have on hand, the celebrated

**STEWART COOKING STOVE,**



